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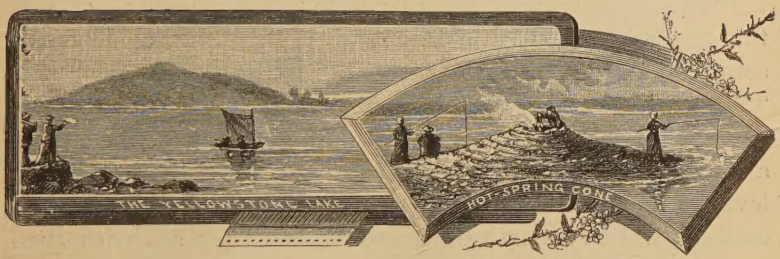


WONDERLAND AND BEYOND.

BY JOHN T. MOORE.

III.

"MORN amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude!
Gushing springs and fountains
Murmur—'God is good.'"

MORNING in the mountains! The sunshine decks the peaks with shining hoods which stretch and stretch on down the mountain side till summit, slope and vale are robed in cloth-of-gold. The scene is novel. So is Frank's salutation: "Well, guv'nor! how do you loom up this morning?"

In a commanding position, overlooking the Upper Geyser Basin, stands the high-gabled guest-house. From its wide piazza the valley presents, in the early morning, a mingled

study of death and animation. From hundreds of fissures in the white "top-coat," the hot vapour rising into the crisp air forms a phantom forest of swelling trunks, with spreading tops of fleecy foliage. And now, yielding to be led captive of caprice, those cloud-capped pillars of steam from boiling springs are changed to climbing columns of smoke from kindling fires, —and fancy's falcon hovers above the belching flues of a buried city, where frenzied stokers, sweltering in grime and sweat at glowing furnaces, toil on, in desperate hope that furious flames will burst their suffocating bonds of earth.

Dismissing dreams, I make haste to "see the sights" of this the greatest geyser basin in the world! Down the slope and across the Firehole River on a foot-bridge, I reach the "Beehive." This effigy of the honey-gatherer's storehouse is a symmetrical cone, about waist-high, having a diameter of a yard at the top narrowing to a one-foot aperture, at the level of the surrounding crust. Bending over, you see the seething waters beneath the aperture, but they act with such reassuring regularity that you venture to look long and admiringly at the beautiful throat, around which, like copious folds of rich, rare laces, the coral-like cell-work is draped in diversified and exquisite festoons. Under your feet, you feel, as well as hear, ominous mutterings and moanings as if the mountains were in agony. Next in interest to Old Faithful is the Beehive, and between the two there are many reciprocal symptoms. The eruptions of the latter occur once or twice a day, and the illustration presents this imposing spectacle. Close by the Beehive are numerous boiling pools, into whose transparent depths you seem to see interminably, and upon whose walls of fascinating net-work, prismatic tints dangle and sway as if the flowers and rainbows had turned their colours loose to play, and here they are dancing for very joy. We hurry back over the bridge and up the river, for Old Faithful is giving premonitions of activity.

I stand with my back to the sun, just fairly risen above the range of hills behind me. Within a few yards of my feet is the crater of Old Faithful at the apex of a shapely, shelving dome. A few convulsive spurts, and the glittering phenomenon mounts higher and higher, till the super-heated water stands like a shaft of silver in the morning sun. Flanking it on either

side are gleaming, shifting folds of dazzling drapery formed by the shower of sun-lit drops which spangle these shining fringes, then fall and flow away. Crowning the column like a halo of glory is a corona of lustrous spray, and on each side steam rises and retreats before the gentle breeze, suggesting outspread wings of spotless whiteness, hovering protectingly

THE BEEHIVE IN ACTION—UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

over the ravishing vision. Thank God for eye-sight! God pity the blind!

Days might be spent in inspecting the monster geysers which here for half a mile fairly stud the banks of the Firehole River—a stream of hot water, which in volume and temperature is governed by the hot springs—eruptive or continuous—which line the shores.

The Giantess once a fortnight gives an exhibition of stupendous power, attaining a height of two hundred and fifty feet,

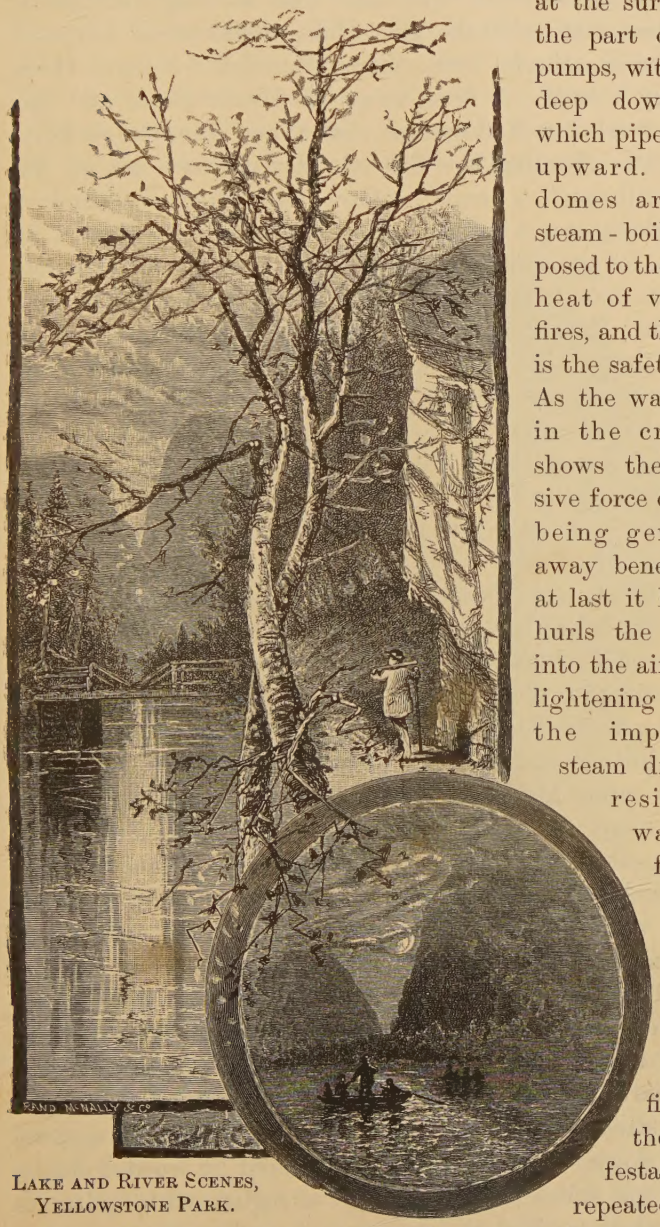
and continuing in eruption for twelve hours. The Castle every two days disports itself for half an hour by discharging from between its scarred walls and battlements a hundred-foot stream. Half as often, but for two hours at a time, the Giant, from its coliseum-like crater sends up a mighty pillar of water, two yards in diameter and two hundred feet in height.

The Grotto is aptly named. It has built up a curious and imposing combination of wall, and arch, and cavern, all gemmed with sparkling beads of geyserite. Its weird recesses are glittering avenues made all the more resplendent by frequent baptisms of the boiling but beautifying water. There are many other geysers with titles indicating their peculiarities, such as the Lioness and Cubs, Lion, Saw-mill, Turban, and Splendid. The remaining candidates for notice may be relegated to the auctioneer's refuge—"too numerous to mention." Before emerging from this wonderful geyser-region, we ford the Firehole River, and there—half on shore and half in stream—is the Riverside, like a miniature martello-tower, with its walls washed by the rushing river, while within they are fretted by seething waters surging up from subterranean caldrons. Now to our left is the last of this great aggregation of intermittent fountains, the Fan, which produces a semblance of its designation by two streams crossing each other.

Before leaving this unique and wonder-exciting spot, let us stand for a moment on the verge of the Morning Glory. It is a symmetrical, bell-mouthed pool, in form the very perfection of a colossal convolvulus. It is filled to the brim with transparent liquid, which unravels the morning sunlight and paints upon the delicately-chased and snowy walls gorgeous opalescent tints, faintly lurking in mother-of-pearl but yet, incomparable in lavish opulence of colour and diversity; so that the radiant effigy blooms with beauty indescribable. The buoyancy of the water is phenomenal. Half shrinking from such vandalism, but to demonstrate this feature, I toss a stone into the pool and, with uncertain gravity, it sinks slowly and waveringly into the glassy depths.

What produces geyser action? The more violent manifestations are so terrible that at night the pilgrim-sleeper starts suddenly, when the pent-up waters burst forth with sullen roar and the earth rumbles and quakes so that the building itself

trembles as if tottering to its fall. The theory is simple. Subterranean caverns, which have long tubes terminating in craters at the surface, act the part of force-pumps, with domes deep down from which pipes extend upward. These domes are huge steam-boilers exposed to the intense heat of volcanic fires, and the outlet is the safety-valve. As the water rises in the crater it shows the expansive force of steam being generated away beneath, till at last it lifts and hurls the column into the air. Ever lightening its load, the imprisoned steam drives the residue of water before it, till itself is free. Then the cavern refills and the manifestations are repeated.



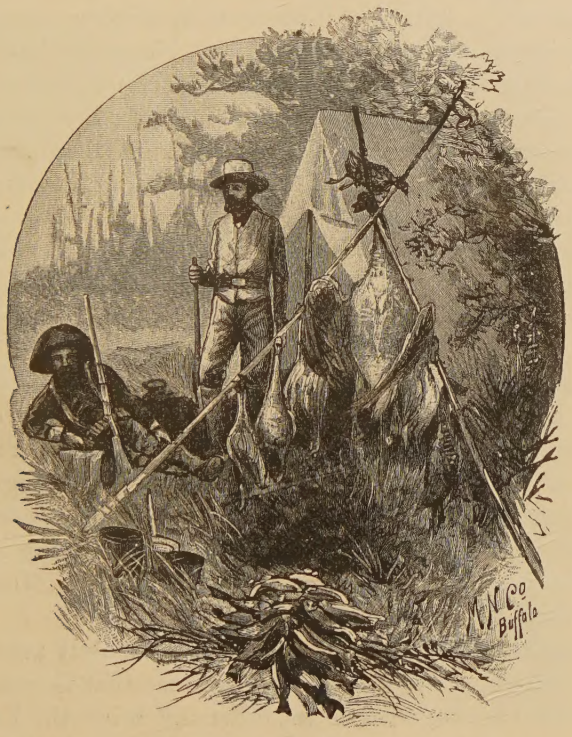
LAKE AND RIVER SCENES, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

After the grim enthralment of the geysers it was a grateful change to drive down the west side of the Firehole River and

look again on groves and greensward. It is a charming drive, which at one point touches Mirror Lake, where trees and shrubs upon the other shore are reproduced with striking vividness in the waveless surface of the placid lake, which seems a crystal plain between etherial hemispheres bounded by azure skies and snowy clouds. A fresh relay at Lower Basin and we take the road for Yellowstone Lake and the Great Falls and Canyon. Fording the Firehole River, away we go for eight miles through a pretty valley, from which we climb a steep divide by easy windings. Most welcome is the shadow of the forest, for the sun is broiling hot and the air is stagnant. Shortly we mount the ridge and a cooling breeze fans and refreshes us; thus through the park change of altitude brings change of temperature. Looking back from this point a magnificent panorama of Alpine scenery spreads out before us. Here, stretching away, is the valley just traversed—yonder is the mountain-range along which flows the Gibbon River—there is the canyon of the Madison, while off in the remotest distance are the snow-clad peaks which two days ago looked down upon us at Swan Lake Park.

Verily, this park is versatile. Now we skirt the shores of a lovely sylvan lake, then we cross a wide expanse where Alpine flowers revel in luxuriant profusion—when, "presto-change," the air reeks with abominable odours from a huge, boiling sulphur spring, which has long been busy spewing its sediment far down the hillside and spreading insufferable stench. We halt at a brook called Alum Creek, where one of our number, in a generous spasm, treats each of us to a drink, or rather sip, of the astringent liquid, which is so strongly impregnated that my lips feel puckered like a purse. A little further and from an eminence we overlook a pleasant blending of hill and valley, with the snow-clad slopes of the Yellowstone Range in the distance, while at the foot of the gentle declivity, down which we bowl rapidly over the smooth, winding road, is Trout Creek; where we make our noonday camp. A gentleman camping with his party here had caught a nice lot of speckled beauties in the deep stream only a yard in width, which takes its serpentine way down this lovely valley bordered by wooded slopes. After several miles' travel through a region with quite an agricultural *ensemble,* we are reminded that we are away

up in the mountains, first by tumultuous dirt hills with bare and furrowed brows and then by the lofty buttes and snowy peaks that hem us in. We have come twenty-five miles from the Lower Basin, and now before us, to the left, is the pallid dome of Sulphur Mountain; while yonder, slightly to the right, we see the Yellowstone. From this point a branch of the trail leads up the beautiful valley of the river and comes out on Yellowstone Lake in eight miles—miles that are be-



TROPHIES OF THE ROD AND GUN.

guiled by the changeful mountain scenery and the island-dotted river which yield, at times, to forest glades. Some tourists find congenial pastime in capturing finny or feathered game, and for such, Yellowstone Lake and River present an added charm. It is quite exciting to passengers as they ride along in the coach, upon the bank of the river, to see shoals of trout disporting themselves in the clear water. Here, however,

the ubiquitous "fly in the ointment" afflicts the angler as he discovers that the flesh of the trout in the river above the falls and also in the lake is infested with worms—an unaccountable fact which does not seem to affect their growth, as they attain enormous size.

Retracing our course to the trail leading down the river to the falls, we pass to the left of the blanched cones of Sulphur Mountain—a few deeply embedded, scattered trees adding to the prevailing desolation. Here, again, is the intolerable smell of sulphur; and to stand beside the foaming sulphur spring commits a cruelty to defenceless olfactories. The milky liquid boils furiously from rim to rim; and occasional upheavals rear a ten-foot column which overflows the twelve-foot basin and send a network of rivulets down the slope. Willingly we leave this sulphurous precinct, and after fording a swollen stream we cross a ridge and there beside us flows the Yellowstone—a river one hundred yards in width and a dozen feet in depth. The road winds along the bank of the river—now at the water's edge, now high up on the hill-face. "Listen! I hear the Rapids." Shortly we overlook them from a summit, in the road, above the trees. A few windings around the hills, then we traverse a dense and sombre grove of pines and here we are at the Yellowstone Falls Hotel—a collection of tents so arranged as to form an avenue leading to a lawn-like quadrangle upon which fronts the dining tent. It presented the appearance of elaborate preparations for a rousing Methodist camp-meeting. The Missionary Secretary and myself made it a Methodists' camp-ground for one night.

Leading through spruce-scented aisles of stately pines is the path to the Upper Falls. The roar tells me that they are near, and shortly I see the trees on the other cliff below the Falls, and now the rock-cliff deepens till I wonder, when will the gaping chasm end? Then I see spray rising above a jutting promontory of rock, and coming nearer the brink, look over—there are the seething waters surging around a rocky cape and breaking in white caps on the farther shore; while over rock and river, foam and spray, twin rainbows fling their rival bands of radiant beauty.

By a woodland path, and then clambering around huge boulders, I stand on the brink of the Falls. Towards me the

river sweeps swiftly downward and onward—a careering rapid, tearing around rocky islands in the channel till with a terrific rush between narrow granite walls it makes the leap. Cautiously I venture near the verge till I stand overlooking the fall! I see the emerald river turned into a milk-white flood, and, as it strikes upon the rocks below, huge columns are shot into the air, as if down yonder hundreds of prodigious geysers dis-

The Grand Canyon.

charged incessantly. As I leave these Upper Falls the westward sun shines well down into the gulf, imparting to column, crest and spray a snowy sheen. There are many beautiful cascades formed by tributaries of the Yellowstone as they drop into the yawning gulf. Conspicuous amongst these are the Falls on Tower Creek, distant fifteen miles from this station and reached by a bridle-road over the summit of Mount Washburn, whence vision swings a radius of over one hundred miles,

and gifted pens have well-nigh exhausted hyperbole to describe the inspiring and majestic panorama. The Tower Falls spread their loveliness in the dimly-lighted forest. The stream emerges from its hiding behind the close-veiling of the trees, and rushes down an island-obstructed channel which winds amid shapely towers and minarets carved grotesquely by sun and snow and shower, then falls a sheet of foam into gloomy depths, thickly draped with foliage. Two hundred yards of headlong, rock-torn rapids, and Tower Creek joins the Yellowstone, a dozen miles below the Great Falls.

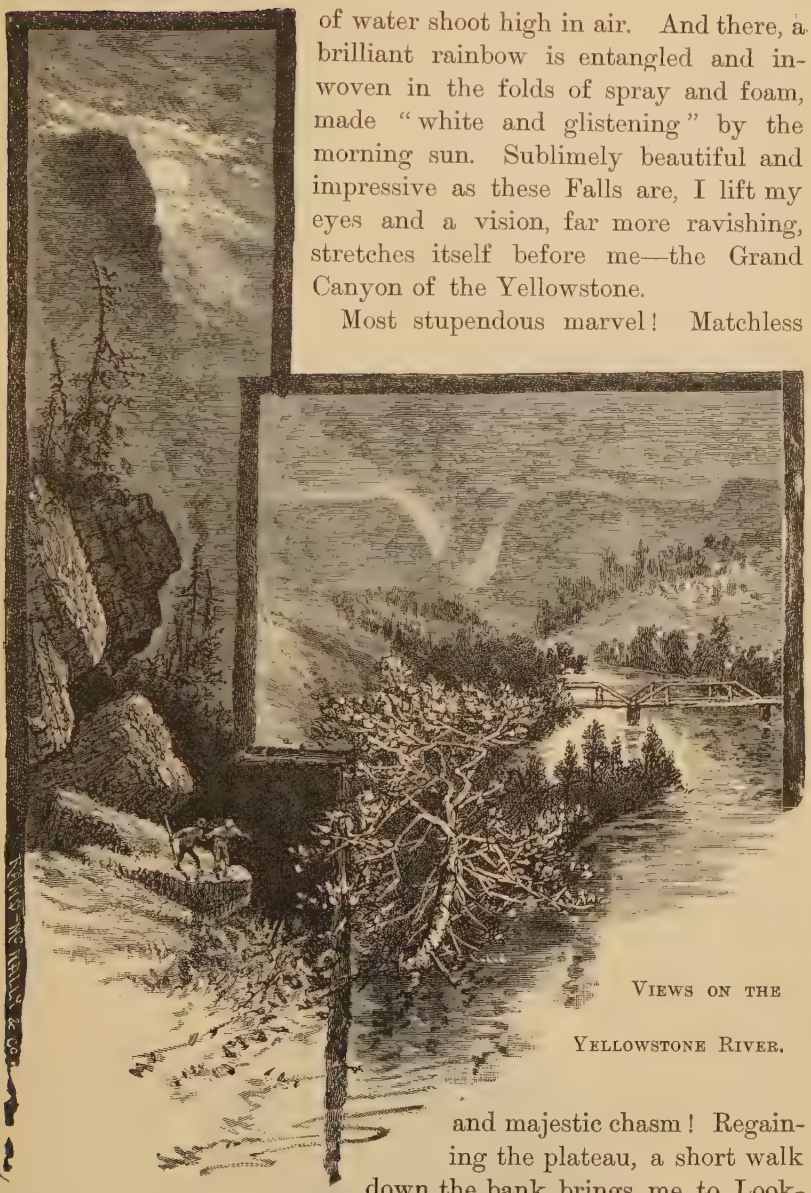
The Great Falls! Ah yes! these and the Grand Canyon lend to Wonderland its brightest lustre. From the trim camp-ground a bridle-path leads to the Falls and Canyon, less than a mile away. Rustic bridges over coulees and notched steps up the hill-sides enable tourists to traverse the tumultuous woodland; and portions of the road tempt one to tarry and enjoy the sylvan scene. With a passing glance at that romantic gorge where Crystal Pool teems like foaming effervescence from a rock-hewn grotto, and decks the mountain-side with fascinating falls, we climb a ridge that overlooks the river above the Falls, and now descend a steep and winding mountain path leading to the water's-edge. A turn in the path—and down the leafy avenue, I see the crest of the Great Falls. Yonder, a railing marks the precipice's verge. Fixing my eyes upon the ground, I hurry down the few remaining steps till I can touch the railing. Then I lift my eyes, and what a spectacle! I feel as if suspended in mid-air, and grasping the railing my vision wanders, hither and thither, in mute amazement. "Is it a dream?" Nay! it is transporting consciousness! Where shall I begin? Here I look through the transparent stream and can trace every turn in the rocky edge over which it rushes. The crest and apron of the Falls are tinged with emerald-green till the once compact river is shattered into drops before the plunge is well begun. Leaning over the railing I look along the falling flood, immaculate and dazzling as stainless snow, while sheets of spray caught by the resisting air curl backward in great drifts. Before the leap is finished the Yellowstone is but a mist, and from the nether depths vast cloudy billows continually roll up and hover above the turmoil, then fall in ceaseless showers to rejoin the rudely-sundered river; while around and through the fleecy mist numberless columns and fountains

THE FALLS
ON
TOWER CREEK,

IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

of water shoot high in air. And there, a brilliant rainbow is entangled and inwoven in the folds of spray and foam, made "white and glistening" by the morning sun. Sublimely beautiful and impressive as these Falls are, I lift my eyes and a vision, far more ravishing, stretches itself before me—the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

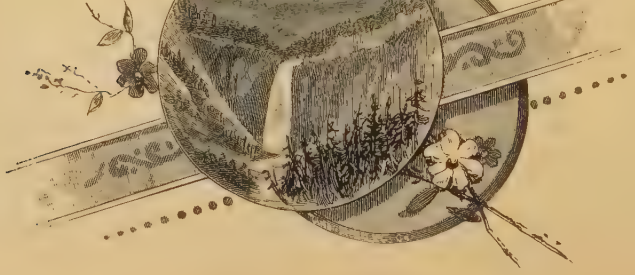
Most stupendous marvel! Matchless



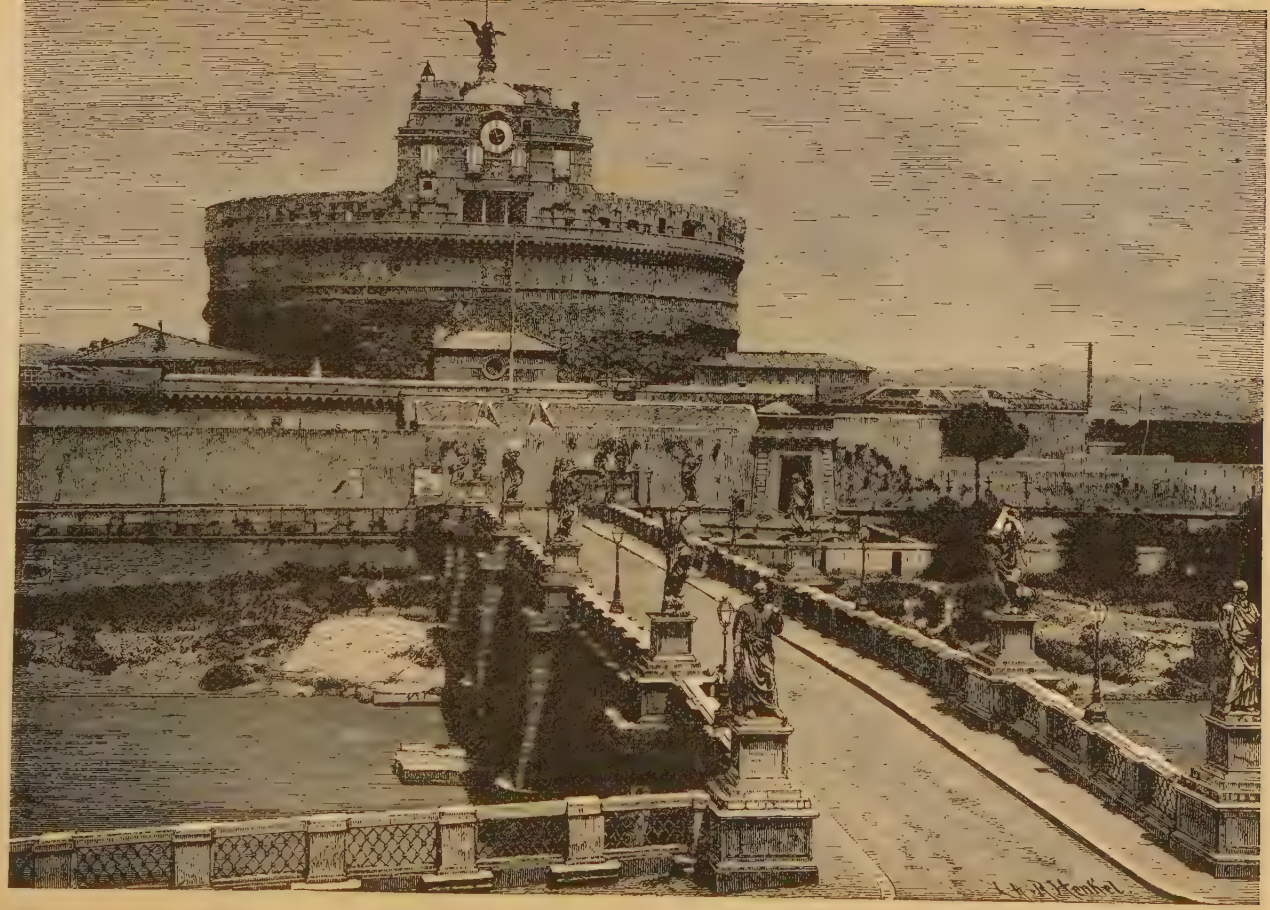
VIEWS ON THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

and majestic chasm! Regaining the plateau, a short walk down the bank brings me to Lookout Point. Here and there I had caught glimpses of the magnificence beside which I was treading; but I found on advancing to the brink that no dream could anticipate the glory that awaited me. Oh, feeble man!—"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

The earth seems cleft asunder. The river, over a thousand feet sheer down, has dwindled to a tiny brook, and like a thread of silver marks the junction of the walls, which rise and spread till separated by a mile. From base to summit, crag heaped on crag—with shafts and spires, domes and towers—seem dripping with their baptism of refulgent colour. As the eye wanders over the sculptured gorge, the spectacle bewilders—the chasm appears to grow—and then, narrowing the survey, it seems to yawn beneath your feet. See yonder, where a mellow golden light—the prevailing tint—illumines that stately gable, which closely resembles the nave of some cathedral;—albeit, beside it the grandest human architecture were profanation. Just past its ornate eave a puff of steam locates the outlet of a boiling spring. Follow the thin line of frost-work which represents the river, until it vanishes behind that jutting promontory, and there, bounding the view, are bronzed and burly crags which stand like mail-clad knights to guard this Artists' Paradise. And the sight which stretches between is truly a masterpiece of Omnipotence. Only a madman would venture an analysis. The tints and hues and colourings of all earth's conservatories were but a grim satire. Fling into this chasm the brilliance of rainbows and of sunsets, trail through its aisles the glories of summer skies and coral groves, hold captive the gleam of gold and sheen of pearl, weave in stalagmite and stalactite from resplendent caverns, then flood it with God's sunlight; and fancy—if you can—the enrapturing revelation of form and colour, sublime and infinite, over which that eagle poises on steady wing—*the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone!* But yet—and ever yet—it must be seen!



The Great Falls.



Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, Rome.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.

I.

"HISTORY," says Carlyle, "as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature; his earnest expression of what is called thought." Nor is history a mere collection of learned lumber of the past. It is rather the recognition of the informing Providence, the guiding Hand that controls the affairs of the universe. Its study is not merely the gratification of an idle curiosity. It has its moral and religious teachings for us all. As Sir Walter Raleigh, who made, as well as wrote, so much history in his time, remarks in his meditation in the grim Tower of London, "We may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal; by the comparison and application of other men's fore-passed miseries with our own like errors and ill-deservings."

The greater the range of one's historical reading, the more interesting and instructive does it become; for one then realizes the connections and relations of the parts as one cannot when they are isolated and studied independently of the rest. Yet the study of the detailed histories of all nations is the work of a lifetime, and few are able to pursue it and fewer still to profit by it. What most busy people in this age require is some sufficient compend of this great theme—not so meagre as to be juiceless and uninteresting, and not so elaborate as to unduly tax our time and memory. We think that Dr. Ridpath has hit this happy medium.* His over twenty-three hundred large octavo pages offer a generous space for the ample treatment of the great historic epochs in the story of mankind; and yet

* *Cyclopædia of Universal History.* Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D., Professor of History in DePauw University; author of a History of the United States, a Life and Work of Garfield, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati. The Balch Brothers, 10½ Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

they can be easily mastered in a winter's leisure reading. It has the special advantage of containing in one work and under one index the history of the world, told with a sufficient amount of detail for all except specialists in some separate departments. It thus becomes a true Cyclopædia of History, but without the fragmentary character that most cyclopædias possess.

It was an ambitious design that Dr. Ridpath set before him; but for it he has special qualifications and special training. He has been for some years Professor of History in the DePauw Methodist University, and had previously published historical works, whose accuracy of research and elegance of style made them deservedly popular and successful. His publishers have generously seconded his efforts to make his History superior to any other work of the sort with which we are acquainted.

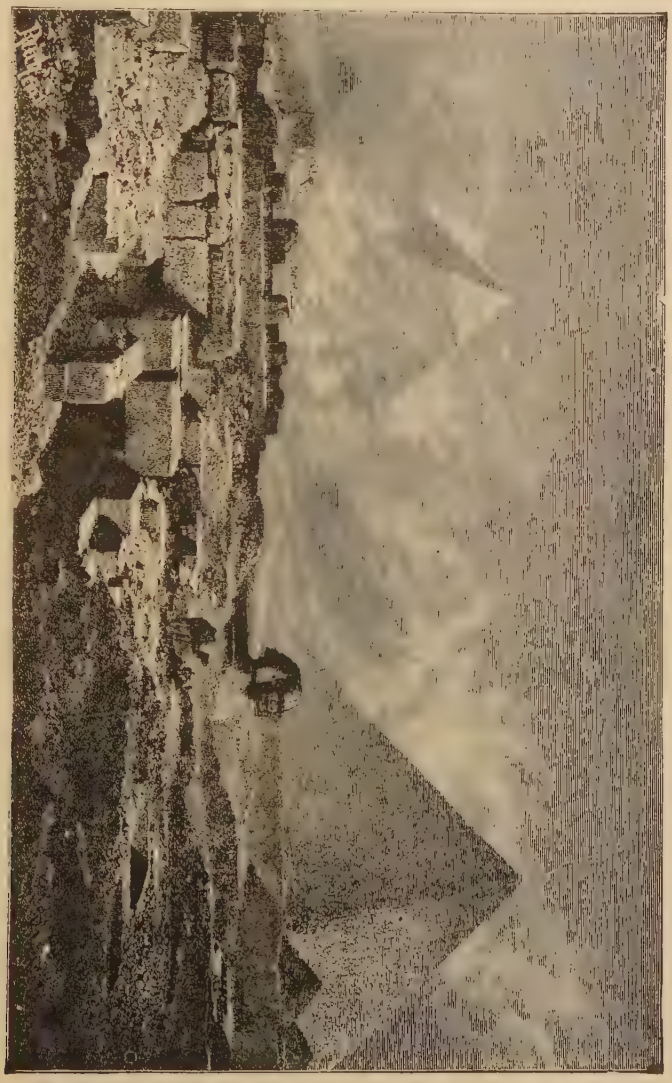
One of its most striking features is its copious illustration. It has no less than 1,210 high-class engravings of persons, places, and the great dramatic incidents referred to in the text. These really illustrate the subject and not merely embellish the book, and many of them are drawn by artists of national and international repute. Of not less utility than these are the thirty-two coloured historical maps, and nine coloured chronological charts showing at a glance by an ingenious arrangement the relations in time and place of the events described. There are also thirty-one genealogical diagrams of the royal and noble houses of ancient and modern times.

We purpose, by the aid of this work, to briefly refer to some of the landmarks in the history of our race—and we are able, by the courtesy of the publishers of this magnificent work, to illustrate the article with engravings from its pages.

The author, we think, has very judiciously begun his history with Egypt instead of with the Chaldean and Assyrian monarchies. The choice of the valley of the Nile, rather than the valley of the Tigris, as the place of beginning, has been determined by chronological considerations and the true sequence of events. The most striking objects connnected with the history of Egypt are the Pyramids, the mightiest monuments of man, as well as the most ancient on the face of the earth. Concerning their origin Dr. Ridpath thus writes:

> The long continuance of the annual inundation, during which the ordinary vocations of industry were measurably suspended, gave opportunity to the

kings to divert the labour of the populace to ends of personal fame and monumental vanity. Under these conditions, the peculiar ambition of the times was directed to the construction of magnificent sepulchres for the kings. The pyramids were the result of this monument-building impulse.



PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

West of Memphis, at a distance of about ten miles and running parallel with the river, rises a barren plateau. The elevation is a hundred feet above the level of the Nile, and stretches north and south for many miles

between the verdant valley and the Libyan desert beyond. In the sides of this hilly elevation the bodies of the common dead were placed in chambers hewn out of the rock ; and what more natural than that the king, who in life was lifted so high above his subjects, should in death be buried with a more magnificent sepulchre? So the royal sarcophagus was placed in a more spacious chamber under a grander monument of stone. By degrees the sepulchral heap grew into definite shape, taking the immovable form and severe aspect of a pyramid. The structure became more and more regular in its interior arrangement and external outline until, sharply defined against the sky, the finished pile stood forth the pride of the builders and the marvel of after ages. Along the plateau west of Memphis, about seventy of these mighty monuments were erected. Among these three were pre-eminent on account of their size and magnificence. They are known as the Pyramids of Ghizeh, near which city they stand. They are certainly the work of the Fourth Dynasty, and were built in the twenty-fifth century before the Christian era.

The largest of these was 480 feet high, and the base 716 feet square. It contains nearly 90,000,000 cubic feet of masonry. It is said that 360,000 men were employed twenty years in building a single pyramid. Our author very sensibly rejects the ingenious theories as to the prophetic significance which the advocates of what may be called the religion of the pyramids attach to these structures.

The strange, mysterious Sphinx shown in the foreground of the cut, on page 303, is the symbolical form of the god Horus. It has the body of a lion and the head of a man, and is hewn out of the living rock. It is 190 feet long, and the head from top to chin is 28 feet 6 inches. The sands of centuries have drifted round it till only the solemn visage, "gazing straight on with calm eternal smile," rises above the surrounding desert.

From Egypt our author transfers the scene to Mesopotamia, and follows the course of events from the Euphrates to the Tiber, from Babylon to Rome. Over his treatment of the Empires of Chaldea, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Persia and Greece, though they occupy 600 of these closely printed pages, we now pass and come to that mighty mother of empires—Rome. In a series of brilliant chapters he describes the country, the people, their art and learning, legends, religion, and traditions, the palmy days of the Republic, the grandeur of the Empire, its corruption, its decadence and its overthrow. We know not where else this stirring story is so vividly told as in the space of these 300 pages. The narrative is also copiously

illustrated by a series of engravings, to only two of which we can now call attention. The frontispiece to this article shows the famous mausoleum of Hadrian, or castle of St. Angelo, as it is now called. It is a huge structure, 80 yards in diameter and 165 feet high. When the Goths besieged Rome, in A.D. 537, the tomb was converted into a fortress.

Of the many bridges by which the Tiber is bestrode, the most interesting is that of St. Angelo, the Ælian Bridge of ancient Rome, shown in the foreground of the frontispiece. On either side are majestic figures of angels, so that, as Clement IX. expressed it, "an avenue of the heavenly host should welcome the pilgrim to the shrine of the great apostle." Here as St. Gregory, during a fatal pestilence, passed over at the head of a penitential procession, chanting solemn litanies, he saw, or feigned that he saw, the avenging angel alight on the mausoleum of Hadrian and sheath his sword in token that the plague was stayed. And there the majestic figure of St. Michael stands in bronze to-day, as if the tutelary guardian of Rome. On this very bridge, too, took place the fierce hand-to-hand conflict during the sack of Rome by the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable of Bourbon, while the Tiber beneath ran red with blood.

Another feature of great interest is the famous Appian Way, along which thundered the legions that conquered the world, and upon which the Apostle of the Gentiles entered the city on a mission of conquest still grander than theirs.

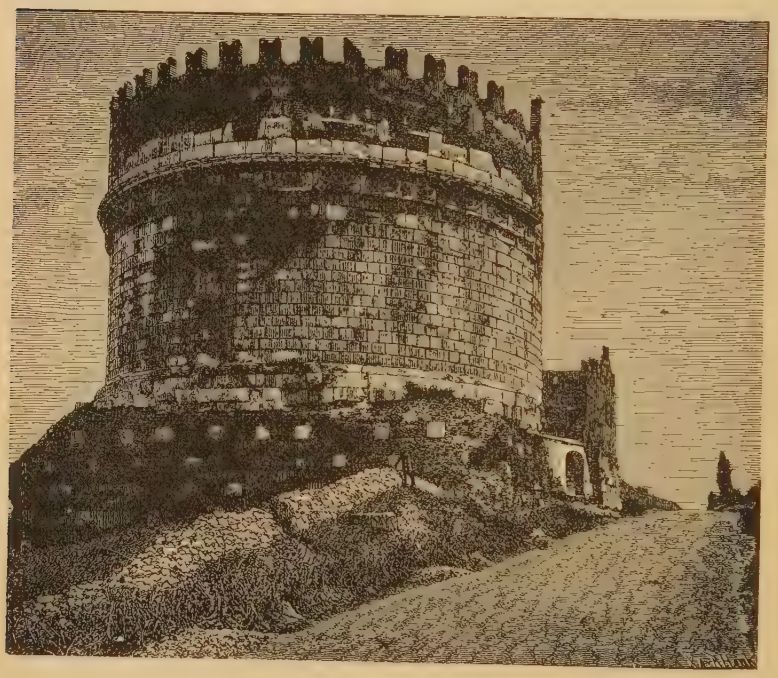
Great was the contrast between the cold, damp crypts of the Catacombs and the hot glare of the Italian sunshine, as with his companion in travel the present writer emerged from their gloomy depths and rode along that ancient way. But greater still was the contrast between the lowly tombs of the early Christians and the massy monuments of pagan pride that lined that street of tombs, now mere crumbling mounds of ruins, majestic even in decay. Most striking of all is the stately mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus.

There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,

The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown :
What was this tower of strength ? within its cave,
What treasure lay so locked, so hid ?— A woman's grave.

We entered and explored several of these proud patrician tombs, but found naught but crumbling arch and column and shattered marble effigies of their former tenants.

Over the lava pavement of this Queen of Roads, as the



The Appian Way—Tomb of Cæcilia Metella.

Romans proudly called it, we drove for miles. Now the gardens and villas which studded the Campagna are a desolation, and only ruins rise, like stranded wrecks, above the tomb-abounding plain. The most conspicuous and beneficent monuments of the power of ancient Rome are the vast aqueducts which bestride, with their long series of arches, the undulating Campagna. Most of these are now broken and crumbling ruins, but some of them, restored in modern times, still supply the city with streams of the cool and limpid water from the far-off Alban hills.

Of the Mohamedan ascendency in Asia and Europe, Dr. Ridpath gives, in some sixty pages, a clear and graphic account. We briefly summarize:

One of the strangest phenomena in history is the rapid spread of that gloomy fanaticism, which in a single century extended its baleful shadow from Bokhara to Cordova, from the Indus to the Loire. Its fierce and fiery energy swept away the corrupt Christianity of the East, save some lingering remnants in the secluded Nestorian valleys, in the Armenian monasteries, and among the mountains of Abyssinia. The schools of Alexandria were scattered, its library destroyed, its glory extinguished. But ere yet the early flush and vigour of conquest passed away, the Saracens applied their eager energies to the cultivation of learning. It is their greatest glory that they overran the domains of science as rapidly as the territories of the earth. They soon became heirs of the learning of Alexandria. They eagerly adopted the philosophical method of Aristotle. They swept the monasteries of the Levant and the Ægean for the writings of the Grecian sages. From the Arabic translations of these much of the literature and science of Europe is derived. An intense national life and preternatural vigour was developed. Their active commerce from Alexandria and Cyprus civilized the maritime states of Europe.

But the rapid expansion of the caliphate exhausted the native population and led to political divisions. Hence its glory was but transient. It contained the germs of its own dissolution, and these soon began to develop. It was like some gorgeous flower, which rapidly expands, soon ripens, and as swiftly withers away; or like the fair and fragile maidens of the East, who reach a splendid though precocious maturity, but soon fade.

It was in Spain that the Saracenic influence was most permanent and most potent on European thought. Sweeping like a tornado over northern Africa on their fiery desert barbs, the cloud of Mussulman cavalry paused but briefly at the Straits of Gibraltar, and planted the crescent on European soil, there to wage deadly conflict with the cross for eight long centuries. Filling the land like an army of locusts, they found slight barriers in the Pyrenees, but swarmed across their rugged heights, till the fertile plains of France, from the Garonne to the Rhone, became subject to the sway of the Caliphs.

View of Mecca and the Kaaba ; The Sacred Enclosure of "the Black Stone," in middle foreground.

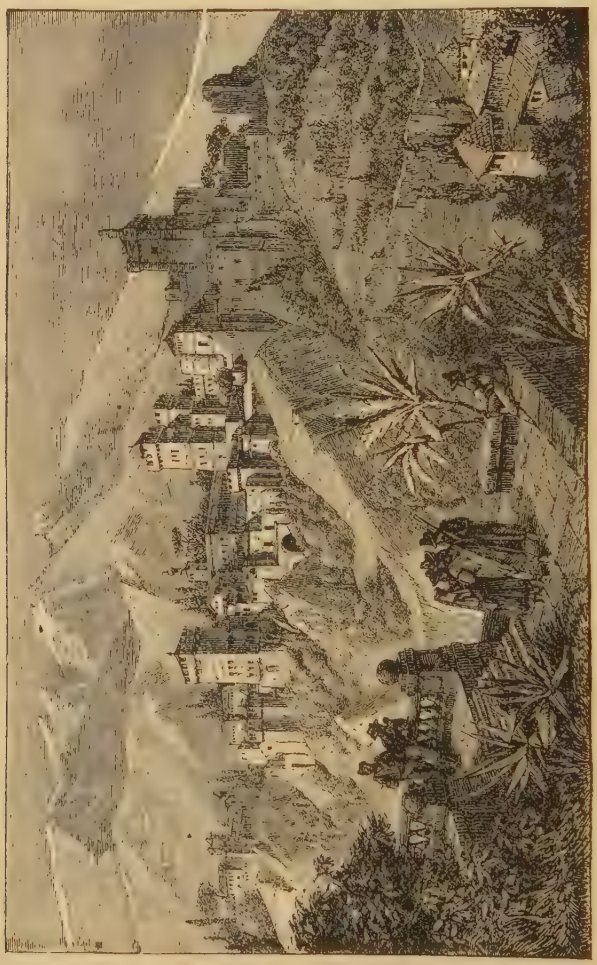
It was an hour of most imminent peril to Europe. Its future destiny was in the balance. It was the crisis of fate for the entire West. Would the conquering tide roll on and overwhelm the nascent nationalities that were everywhere struggling into life, or was the period of its ebb at hand? Should

Arab Horseman.

European cities bristle with a grove of minarets or with a forest of spires? Should the superstitions of the mufti and the Saracenic mosque supplant the worship of Christ beneath cathedral dome? Should the son of Abdallah or the Son of Mary receive the homage of the West? Should we to-day— for the destinies of the New as well as of the Old World were

involved—be wearing the fez or turban and praying toward Mecca, or be Christian freemen? These were some of the questions depending apparently upon the issues of the hour.

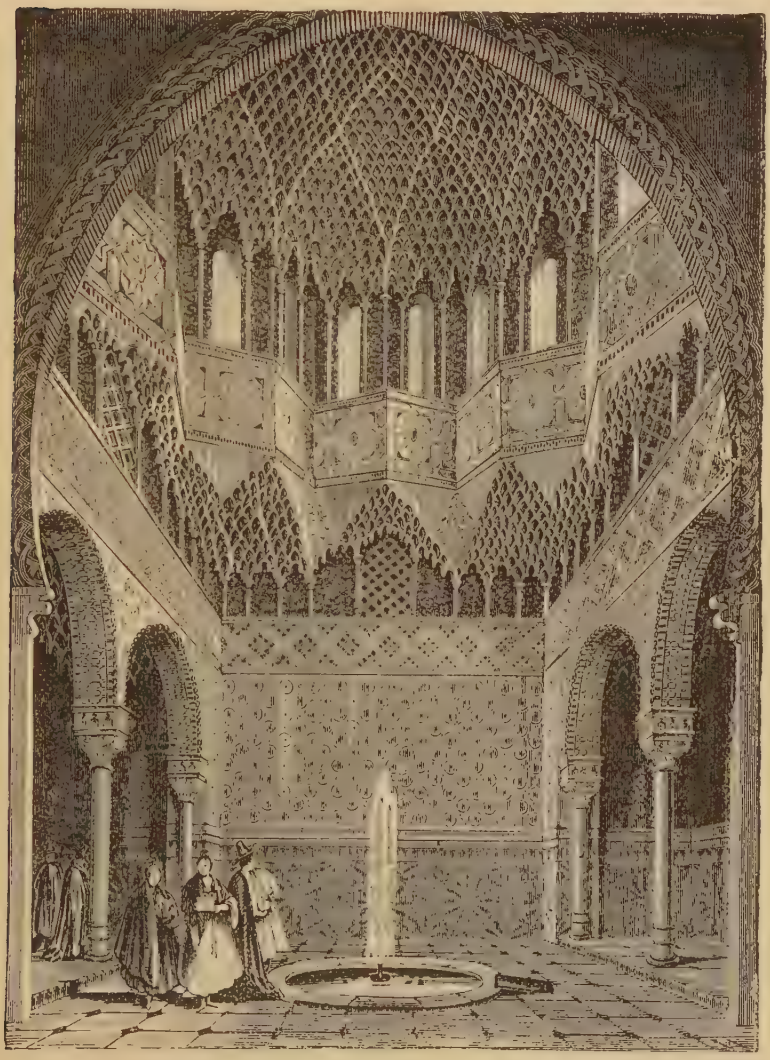
The Moors meanwhile press on. They overspread the plains



The Alhambra.

of Burgundy and Aquitaine, and pitch their tents on the banks of the Loire. They are already half-way from Gibraltar to the North of Scotland, to the Baltic, and to the confines of Russia. But the fiat had gone forth from the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of the universe: Hitherto shalt thou come and no further! Then, broken like the waters and scattered like the

spray, that wave of invasion recoiled from the shock of the Christian chivalry, and ebbed away forever. Europe was safe!



Hall of the Abencerrages, Alhambra.

Charles Martel and the peers and paladins of France smote the infidels as with a hammer of destruction.

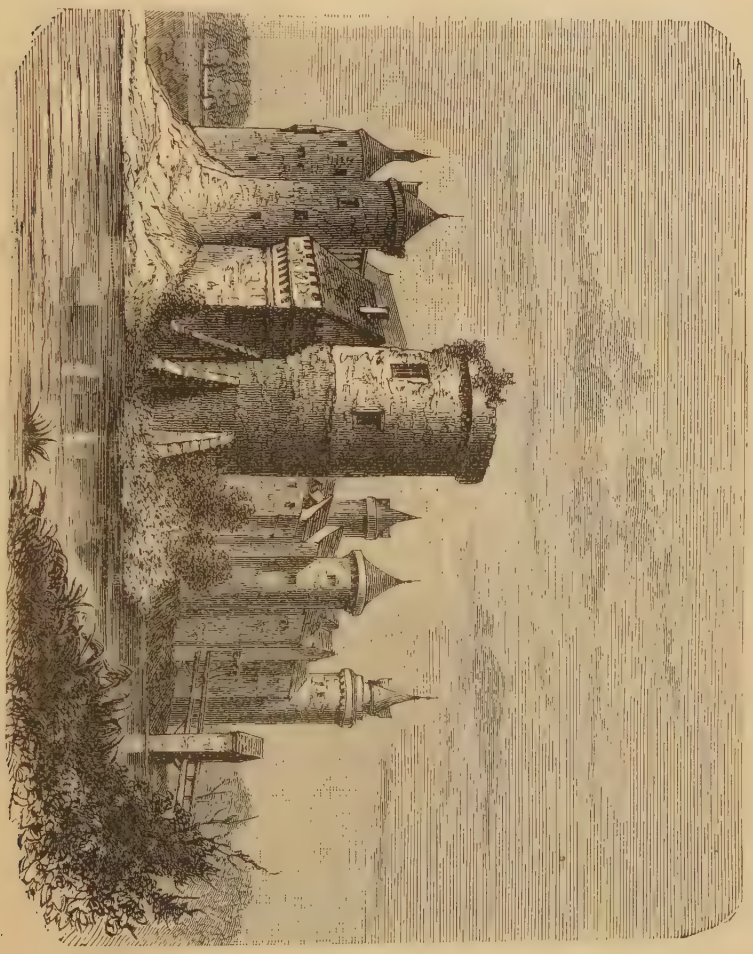
Thus checked in mid-career, and their fiery strength ex-

hausted, the Saracens settled down behind the Pyrenean wall. Here they won laurels far more glorious than those of war. In the cultivation of literature, art, and science they led the van of Western nations. When Arabian civilization was at the

Feudal Castle of Belem, Portugal.

zenith of its glory in Spain, the rest of Europe, except a small area around Rome and Constantinople, was in a condition of barbarism. While the Frankish Kings travelled in state in a rude cart drawn by oxen, the Saracen Emirs rode through their fair and flourishing provinces on prancing Andalusian chargers richly caparisoned with housings of Cordova leather,

with golden stirrups and jewelled bridle, amid the clash of silver cymbals, and with flashing scimitars of the famed Toledo steel. While the European serf wore hose of straw and jerkins of ill-tanned hide, the Arab peasant was clothed with garments of



FEUDAL CASTLE, AT ROUEN, FRANCE.

linen, cotton, or woollen, and the nobles in damask stuffs and silks.

While the strongholds of the European sovereigns were little better than stables—unglazed, bare-walled, and rush-strewn—the lieutenants of the Caliphs held their divans in palaces of oriental magnificence, with mosaic floors and ceilings fretted with gold, with shady alcoves and stately colonnades,

where painted glass softened the light, Moorish music lulled the senses, musky odours filled the chambers, and fairy fountains cast up their silver spray; where caleducts in the walls cooled the air, and hypocausts under ground warmed the waters of the bath. Exquisite arabesques, ivory couches, graceful cabinets of sandal or citron inlaid with mother-of-pearl, softest carpets, richest silks, gold, silver, malachite, porcelain, alabaster, miracles of the loom and needle, filigree, and jewellery, attested the Sybaritic luxury of the inhabitants. Yet the lord of all this splendour confessed to have enjoyed only fourteen happy days in his life!

While a great part of Europe was a pathless forest or morass where roamed the wild boar and wild ox, upon the fertile *vegas* of Granada and Cordova waved the yellow corn and flashed the golden orange and citron. There, too, gleamed the snowy bolls of the cotton-plant, and glistened the silky plumage of the sugar-cane. The jasmine bowers and rose gardens of Shiraz seemed transplanted to the fairy courts and colonnades of the Alhambra. Of the splendours of this fairy-like palace we are able to give an external and interior view.

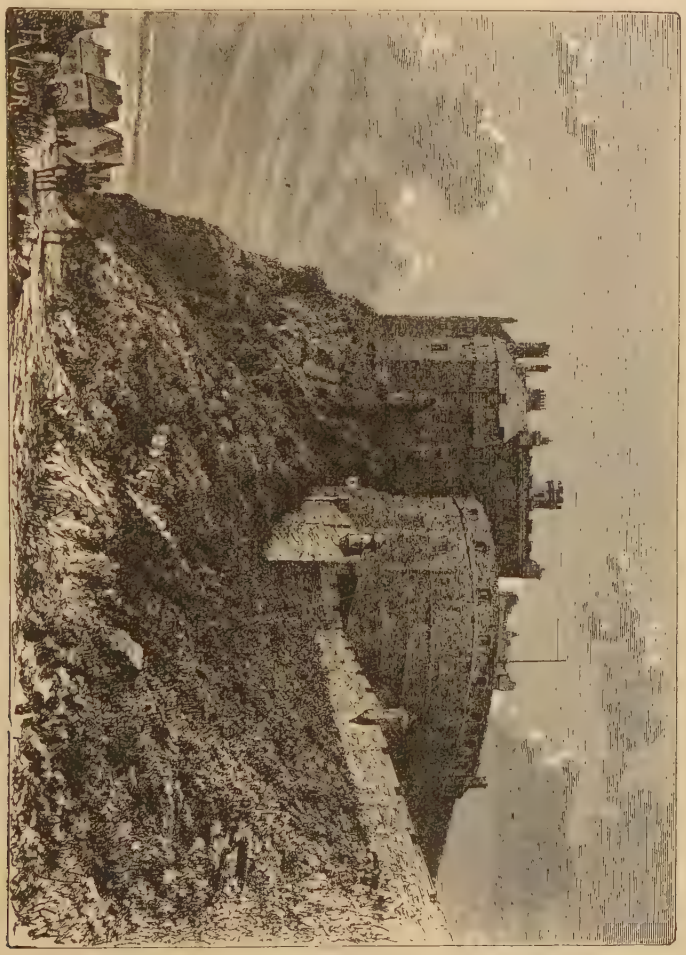
The feudal system in Europe is one that has moulded its civilization, its social and political institutions, and even its land tenure to the present day. Dr. Ridpath devotes much attention to the study of that system. He gives a graphic sketch of the feudal chieftain, of his castle and his administration, of peasant life and of the abject condition of the serf. In these days of socialistic theories, it will be well to look back at the social condition of the middle ages and to note the vast improvement that has taken place in the lot of the world's toiling workers. The restraining and ennobling influences of religion were the great ameliorating agency in feudal times, and these same influences in their higher development are destined to solve the perplexed social questions of the present day.

Our author thus describes the conditions of feudal life, which find their illustration in many a crumbling ruin in every country in Europe:

> The feudal lord or baron selected some solitary spot, a high hill, an almost inaccessible crag, or defensible position by the water-side. With the aid of his subject-peasants he reared the huge walls of stone. The battlements and towers appeared, a deep moat was drawn around, and draw-

bridge and portcullis completed what part of the defences were omitted by nature. Within the stone-girt enclosure were stables, kennels and store-houses. Nothing was wanting to complete the isolation, solitude and defensibility of the massive pile in which the warrior now took up his abode.

At the foot of the hill on which stood the castle of the lord [as in the picture on this page], were clustered the villages and hamlets of the serfs



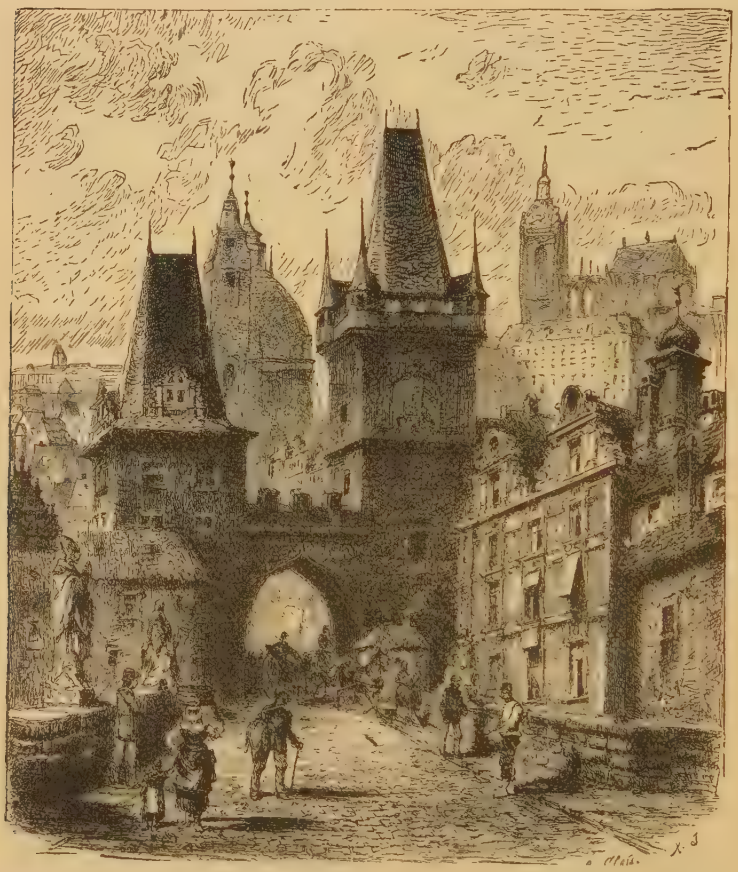
EDINBURGH CASTLE.

and peasants. They drew near their master as to a rock of safety. They huddled together and looked up to the height; it was inaccessible. They accepted their lot; and then began that weary career of toil, servility and despair through which the peasantry of Europe has held its suffering way even to the present hour.

We give engravings of characteristic types of those stern

feudal strongholds in three of the most civilized countries of Europe. The fastnesses of the robber knights on the Rhine, in the Black Forest, and the Odinwald, were still more stern and savage in their character.

But a new factor was coming into force in the long conflict



City of Prague—From the old Stone Bridge.

between irresponsible power and popular liberty. The horny-handed sons of toil were gathering into cities, were forming guilds and other "trade-unions" of the day. They were learning the power of combination and co-operation for the resistance of tyranny. The commercial cities of Florence, Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Ghent, Bruges, Lubeck, Nuremburg, Prague, became the republics, and free cities and homes of liberty in mediæval

Europe. One of the most delightfully quaint of these old industrial cities, though one on which the grasp of Imperialism was strongly felt, is that shown on page 316, the city of Huss and of the struggle for Bohemian liberty. The view is taken from the bridge across the rapid Moldau, with, to the left, the statue of the martyr monk, John Nepomuck, who was drowned beneath its waves five hundred years ago. The quaint old gate towers, and the many historic structures of the city, are haunted with mediæval memories—

"Like the rooks that round them throng."

It will require, however, another paper to do justice to some other features of this admirable work.

SING AND BE GLAD.

BY THE REV. H. G. PARKER.

SING and be glad, O thou wheeling Earth!
Creation is old and gray;
But starbeams shine on a second birth,
And this is our Easter Day!

Lift up thy head and be glad, O Earth!
Thy tears and sorrowing cease;
A fountain hath sprung in the desert's dearth,
And passionate pain hath peace.

Ah! drear is the charnel-house of sin,
Dreary and cold alway;
But a piercèd hand lets the angels in,
And the stone hath been rolled away.

The song goes up and the song comes down,
The earth and the sky are fain;
And the blended note is a cross and crown,
And Paradise won again.

Through the throbbing psalm in undertone
I hear one clear voice sing,
And of all I hear but His alone:
"Behold I am crownèd King:

I have conquered death and sting of death
By the cross in bitter wise;
And thou, poor Earth, that travaileth,
I say unto thee arise."

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MERCHANT.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

I.

In a former paper upon this subject, read at the British American Business College in this city, I said "I had intended asking where the money finds its way to which is lost to the merchant by impostors, and why it is that not one dollar finds its way back in the shape of conscience money. I had intended also taking up a little time in describing the people—many of them very strange people—who visit the office of a merchant upon business other than his, upon their own business, every kind of business. These are subjects upon which much could be written, but which time will not enable me now to touch."

These subjects I propose to treat in this paper, and first, The class of persons who visit a merchant's office. They are not the same in every case; their composition will be determined by the chief characteristics of the merchant himself. The merchant, for example, who gives a considerable portion of his time to outside matters, who may be a member of several boards—say of banks, loan societies, joint stock companies—will have many callers on matters directly connected with these institutions. He may have time to listen to the story of some callers on some subject directly affecting himself or herself, or he may not. He may not say to the caller in so many words, "I really cannot attend to you and there is no use in your calling upon me," and yet he may mean, and often does mean, all this by his manner. All this is taken in at a glance, and the caller leaves the office with a sorrowing heart which might have been made glad. An opportunity has been lost, not only of easing the burden of a fellow-creature, but of bringing sunshine into the heart of the merchant, such as all the dollars and cents which he may make that day can not possibly procure; and all this not because he is so engaged (many of our best men are so engaged), but because he makes these his engagements the great purpose of his life, and will not allow himself time to think of the many things in connection with others which claim, at least, part of his attention.

Or the merchant may be a man fond of sport, fond of fast horses, and gay company, and high living. His callers will be people of the same class, and the interview will be in the direction of some engagement in the future or of some gathering that is past. Men wholly given up to pleasure, and living only for this world and its enjoyments, little know what they lose. Too often they are strangers to the tales of suffering and want, and consequently strangers to the joys which come from making that want and suffering less. They who need help most rarely find their way to their office or to their dwelling; too often are such men ignorant of the want and destitution which exists at their very door.

Or he may be a speculator, living in a constant round of excitement from morning until night—stocks, grain, oil, bonds, real estate—the telephone in constant use. He wears a wearied look, an anxious expression, an absent manner. His callers are those chiefly with whom, or for whom he operates, and the interviews are upon the gains or losses arising out of their transactions. Or the merchant, however sympathetic his heart may be, and however kindly his nature, may have no office; he is standing at his counter, he has to do it, his future has to be determined, his means, his influence are alike limited. All this will be taken in by the class of callers, and taken in with wonderful quickness, and the result will be that, until matters change, his class of callers will not increase.

Or he may be a well-to-do man of business, good-natured, and believed to be doing well in business; modest withal and saying very little about what he does, and doing what he does very quietly. His office is sure to be visited by every lady-collector in the city—collectors for the Boys' Home and Girls' Home, Infants' Home and Orphans' Home, Hospital and Asylum—in fact, every kind of charity existing in any large city; only let it be known that A. or B. is doing a good business, that he gave Mrs. C. and Miss D. a subscription for the Haven or some other charity (for ladies always go upon their good work in pairs), and Mrs. E. and F. and G., away down to the last letter of the alphabet, will be sure to find him out. His means may be ample to help them all and his mind may lead him to do it. If this be so, certain it is that the opportunity will be afforded him annually, if not oftener, of helping them all.

Perhaps he may feel that he is obliged to make his selection and can help but a few, or possibly he has a hobby and has made up his mind that his pet institution he will help and that only. These things are very speedily found out, and his peculiarities or eccentricities are readily discovered and known throughout the entire class of collectors, and he is regarded as one to whom appeals for anything other than those for which he has expressed his preference is useless. His callers of that class will consequently be greatly reduced in number.

Then there are men, business men, who are known to take a kindly interest in young men, and many young men find them out and tell them their stories and are helped to employment and to success, in many instances, through the instrumentality of such kindly assistance.

What shall I say of the office of which I write? What class of persons were in the habit of visiting it? Persons out of employment, young and old, men and women, book agents—from the lady of refinement, suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with want, to the poor drunkard recently recovered from an attack of *delirium tremens*, who had found some kind-hearted publisher ready to entrust him with a book, which, as likely as not, will be pawned before evening—all kinds of books, from some temperance tale at 25 cents, to the latest art treasure at $300, only four of which, the agent says, are available for Canada; artists, sculptors, men interested in gold mines in Nova Scotia, and silver mines in Mexico, cattle ranches in Colorado and the North-West; parties canvassing for shares in stock companies, manufacturing and trading companies, banks, loan associations, trust companies, all possessing some peculiar advantages, all certain to pay handsome dividends; agents from life insurance companies, either wanting insurance or seeking for personal service in behalf of the board of their companies; men and women wanting loans (some of their visits being oft repeated) for various sums, some modest and some extravagant; tramps in every stage of dilapidation; the city beggars, men and women, including men and women from the jail.

If the office of a merchant happens to be on the ground floor of a building, and he is willing to see every one who calls, and this is known, he may (in a large city) have a fair portion of his time fully occupied in listening to the stories of this class of

callers every day. If his office be in a remote part of his warehouse or place of business, and on the second or a higher story, their difficulty of reaching him is increased and the number of such callers lessened. The visits of the perpetual bore should be discouraged; nay, when kindness is wasted, when counsel is unavailing, when help often tendered has led to no elevating change, he ought to be told plainly that he is not to come again; nor does this mean any unkindness.

But every tramp is not insensible to kindness, every tramp is not unmindful of what is done for him, and although one may not immediately see results from counsel given and help afforded, the kindness will not be thrown away; nay, there is a probability that in due time it will bear fruit.

We have been told of a merchant who had placed outside of his office door this notice for the purpose of excluding callers: "Life insured; want no books; no situations to offer." This, to say the least, was a mere selfish way of disposing of the matter, nor was the loss entirely on the part of those who were denied admission.

We remember an instance where a man with a gold-laced hat stood at a merchant's office door in Manchester, England, to take in the card of callers and tell when the great man would see them. This is all trash! It may be necessary—indeed it often is—to ascertain whether one could or could not see one calling on his own business, but there is no need of surrounding the matter with a mystery and a ceremony which could not be greater if one were introduced into the presence of the Great Mogul.

The writer remembers calling at the White House and sending in his card when General Grant was President of the United States, and being with his party introduced with a readiness which would have been simply impossible with the majority of callers at the Manchester office above referred to.

At the office of which we write many mothers were callers with their sons. "I am very anxious," a mother would say, "to get my son into your warehouse. I want him to be in a wholesale warehouse." "What is he doing now?" "He is in a retail store in the city, but I don't like his being there. I would be glad if you could find an opening for him in your house." It is never pleasant to damp one's hopes, and often in such cases

has the merchant seen the look of disappointment when he has said to the mother, "If you are anxious that your son should learn the business, he is in the best place you could have him—better than he would be in this house. If my advice is worth anything to you, let him stay, not for a year or two, but until he has made himself of so much use to his employer that he cannot do without him; then he has acquired a knowledge in his business that will serve him throughout life: what he has done he will have done well."

This counsel often failed to satisfy. The mother had made up her mind to a course for her boy (doubtless, as she supposed, for his good) which more likely than not was going to prove hurtful to him, and she was disappointed. Finally the merchant would say to her as he had often said to others similarly appealing: "You want to take your son away from his present situation and have him in a wholesale warehouse. I never was in a wholesale warehouse until I owned one, and possibly I never would have owned one had I not studied faithfully to act my part as a boy—not in a large retail place of business such as your son is in to-day, and in a large city, but in a small country store in a small village. The elements of success are in the boy, not in the establishment, and the way to succeed is to take for your motto, 'Whatever you undertake to do, do it well.'"

Many callers are from Great Britain—Englishmen predominating—looking for employment, without business training of any kind, and yet at an age at which they could not afford to begin as learners. You say to them, "What have you been doing?" A point is speedily reached when you discover that they have really been doing nothing; that they have been loungers about home; that their parents were glad to suggest America as a place best suited for their needs, possibly to get them out of the way. "What can you do?" "Almost anything," is the reply. The thought occurs, "Why had they not tried to do this before?" To assist such people is hopeless: habits are formed which have obtained the mastery. Steady work, unwearied application with such such men is an impossibility.

One of this class called one day, a fine handsome young fellow, about twenty-one years of age, but one with more self-

reliance than many others. His step-father, who was a gentleman of large means, had sent a Bank of England note for £10, requesting that when the young man would call (as he had been advised to do) a ticket for New York might be purchased for him, where he had friends who would help him. He called, and addressing the merchant said, "You have money, I understand, from my governor, who wants you to ship me to New York as freight; you can keep the money and you can tell him I told you so."

"Mr. ——," the merchant replied, "I am certainly asked to secure a ticket for you for New York, but I will put the money in your hand and take your word as a gentleman that you will spend it for the purpose for which it was sent." This was unexpected, and was too much for him. He quite broke down; told the merchant his story, said that he knew "he had been fast, that he had been fond of dogs and horses, that he had been spending about £700 a-year ($3,500), and there had been an unfortunate entanglement, but nothing ungentlemanly, you know. I assure you," he said, "I have been working in the drains at seventy-five cents a day." His hands bore evidence of the truthfulness of his story, although on one of his fingers was a costly diamond ring. He was too high-minded to beg, and not too proud to earn his living in the drain.

Many men advancing in life, broken down in business but who had drifted behind the times, whose business had slipped away from them, enquire, "Can you not find me a corner?" And as if prepared to anticipate your reply, straightening themselves up and stamping their feet they say, "There is a good deal of hard work in me yet, you know. I am quite equal to many of the young men. Try and find a place for me." What can you say to such a man? What can you do for him? You touch the subject as delicately as you please, and say that you have no opening that would suit him, or you have an opening which you could not think of offering him because it could be filled by a junior, and then you reach the point which he realizes himself, that there is a superabundance of young men and that they crowd out the older men, and what can you do but to express your sympathy where you are powerless to do more.

Then there is the poor inebriate. One morning a clergyman called and said:

"I want you to make an opening for a young man in whom I am taking an interest."

"Does he know his business?"

"Perfectly."

"Is he steady?"

"No, he is a poor drunkard."

"Now, Dr. ——, you do not think this house is an inebriate asylum?"

"No, I am aware it is not; but who am I to go to if you will not give him an opportunity to recover himself?"

"All right, he may come; but remember, if he makes a break he will have to go."

"Certainly," was the reply.

This conversation took place upon the last day of July. The following morning the young man entered upon his duties—a strong, well-built, handsome young man, age about twenty-five, understood his business perfectly. Throughout the month of August (not a busy month, and when he could well be spared), he was sober and attentive to his business. On the first of September, when he was urgently needed, he was missing,—drunk, dead drunk in a low saloon. His services were dispensed with, as the Doctor had been assured under such circumstances they would be.

Take another case. We will call him Sandy. One morning he came to the office. He had been in business for himself, his sales per annum had amounted to about $40,000. He had sunk down to the level of the common tramp, sleeping in barns, sometimes in the open fields. He had just come from the hospital, where he had been sent for treatment after a protracted drinking bout. The suit of clothes which he had on had been given him before leaving the hospital by the merchant in whose office he was now calling, and the object of that visit was to enquire whether any of the customers of the house were in need of an assistant, and whether or not the merchant would say a kindly word for him.

The reply was, "I know of no situation out of the house, nor is there any here; but you may enter this house to-day, that is, if you are now purposed to abandon your evil habit."

He was astonished. "You cannot mean it?" he said.

"I do," the merchant replied. "I want to help you. You are without friends, without means, without a home; without these, how can you redeem yourself?" The merchant pointed out to him how hopeless his effort at reformation would prove unless he realized (as every poor fallen, helpless man must realize before he can be changed) where his true strength lies. Giving him a Bible and writing his name in it with best wishes, and referring to Jude 24, "Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy," etc., he handed him over to the buyer of the department and had him placed at work.

"Everyone in the warehouse," he said, "will know that I am standing in your clothes, but that I cannot help."

There was a delicacy in the remark which some might misconstrue. It arose purely from a sense of humiliation at his condition. A month rolled away. He was doing well—wonderfully well. The merchant went from home, and on his return the buyer came to him and said: "Sandy is all wrong, dead drunk, picked up in the gutter by the policeman, taken to jail, clothes pawned. I told him that I knew of the interest you had taken in his welfare and that I did not feel at liberty to dismiss him, but that you would deal with the matter upon your return."

The first impulse of the merchant was to make no reference to the circumstance when he saw the delinquent, believing that he would feel so mortified and so humiliated that he would make a new effort and possibly might not fall again. So accordingly, when passing him, said: "How are you, Sandy? Hope you are getting on well?"

Another month passed, everything going on very satisfactory. At the end of the month Sandy was picked up in the gutter again, everything pawned, even the Bible. Why pursue this sad picture. For this reason only—to point out to all like him how unavailing all efforts of friends are, how unavailing all promises of reformation are, until, like the prodigal, abandoning all hope in his own strength, and realizing the free and the boundless love of his Heavenly Father, he says, "I will arise and go to my Father."

The rest is soon told. His further stay in a house which prided itself on the steady habits of its young men was im-

possible. He was assisted to reach his friends, who, it was hoped, would take an interest in him. His habits, it is to be feared, underwent no favourable change. Recently a notice appeared in a city paper "of a man who was found on the road during severe weather, both hands badly frozen, and was sent to the hospital." Poor Sandy! how many men, bright and good as you had been, do you represent! How hopeless appears the task of helping men who are the slaves of drink. How suggestive the remarks of Canon Farrar in his sermon on the Nation's Curse:

"Why is it that through drink we have seen 'the stars of heaven fall, the cedars of Lebanon laid low?' The flood was scarcely dried before Noah, discovering drink, introduced it into his own family and among mankind, a curse and an infamy—

> "Which since has overwhelmed and drowned
> Far greater numbers on dry ground
> Of wretched mankind, one by one,
> Than e'er before the flood had done."

Among the callers at the merchant's office was a gentlemanly man, about forty-five, who stated that he had arrived recently from England, that he had tried in vain to secure employment, that he had a wife and family of eight children, and that they were without food. He stated that he had been ruined by the failure of the O. & G's. Bank, and made the statement that he was the largest shareholder in the bank. The case was considered and he was liberally assisted. If his story was true, nothing but liberal assistance would be of any service to provide ten hungry people with food and shelter, even for a very moderate period. He has been seen many times since then, but never returned to express one word of gratitude or thankfulness for what had been done for him, and the conviction has often forced itself upon the merchant's mind that his story was a lie. But that conviction (which nevertheless may not be correct) has never brought with it any regret for anything that was done. His story was believed at the time and the help afforded which the necessities of the case seemed to demand.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

BY THE REV. H. F. BLAND.

THE bead-roll of Yorkshire would be a memorable one if no other names stood upon it than those of Alcuin, John Wycliffe, and Miles Coverdale. The first, in the days of Charlemagne, had the reputation of being the "most learned and accomplished man of his age;" the second shone as the "morning star of the Reformation," and the third will be as immortal as the history of the Book which he "faithfully and truly translated into Englishe." Other names of note in Church and State, as Tillotson and Andrew Marvell; in literature, science and art, as John Foster, Stubbs the historian, and the Brontë sisters, admit of being chronicled; and Methodism will not forget that to the empire county of England she is indebted for the names of Robert Newton, the three brothers Jackson —Thomas, Samuel and Robert,—Thomas Galland, William Dawson, and William Morley Punshon. The name at the head of this article has not only shed lustre upon the county which he so long and so ably represented in Parliament, but upon the nation at large, the interests of which, as Christian philanthropist and legislator, he so greatly promoted.

William Wilberforce was born in Hull, August 24th, 1759. The family name was derived from the township of Wilberfoss, in the immediate vicinity of his birthplace. When nine years old, his father, a merchant of good standing, died; an event which led to the son being transferred to the care of an uncle at Wimbledon near London. Constitutionally he was feeble and of small stature, and it was supposed that the fresh air and pleasant scenery of Surrey would be of signal benefit. The change, certainly, was a beneficial one, though not in the way looked for. Mrs. Wilberforce, the aunt, had strong Methodist leanings; was accustomed to attend the preaching of Whitefield and the Wesleys in London, and her devout instrumentality gave a most salutary bias to her youthful charge. Habits of piety were formed, and though not immediately fruitful, they told significantly upon his subsequent spiritual change. Years afterwards, when William Wilberforce had

become a Christian, and was universally recognized as such, he said, "There are letters of mine, written at that period, still in existence, which accord much with my present sentiments."

His Yorkshire friends, however, became alarmed. He was becoming too Methodistical for them. His grandfather said, "Billy shall travel with Milner as soon as he is of age; but if he turns Methodist, he shall not have a sixpence of mine." It was at once determined to remove him from influences so dangerous. His mother went to London, and at twelve years of age—a most formative period—the youth was removed from a home which, for upwards of two years, had been to entertainers and entertained mutually pleasant. On reaching Hull, everything was done to dissipate serious thought. The town was full of gaiety, plays and balls were all the fashion, and the mother's special pains in this direction were not unsuccessful. In 1831, two years before his death, Wilberforce writes, "I am deeply impressed with a sense of the dreadful effects of the efforts afterwards used, but too successfully, to wean me from all religion, and to cherish the love of pleasure and the love of glory in the opening bud of youth."

Let parents ponder the mightiness of home training. The downwardness of Hull had difficulty in neutralising the upwardness of Wimbledon.*

At seventeen young Wilberforce was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. Previous to this he had been at a Grammar School, at Pocklington, where pleasure was largely mingled with his studies, and where it is said that he charmed the fashionable families of the little Yorkshire town with his singing at their evening parties. It is noticeable as a prophecy of the future, and as indicative of his youthful precocity, that when fourteen years of age he sent a letter to a York paper "in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh." At college he had poor inducements to excel; his associates were licentious; and as for the Fellows, "they did not," he says, "act towards me the part of Christians, or even of honest men. Their object seemed to be to make and keep me idle. If ever

* Possibly Wilberforce's mother, in addition to the play-house and the ball-room, would have tried what the roller skating-rink would have done for her serious son, had there been an institution of that kind in Hull a hundred years ago.

I appeared studious, they would say to me, 'Why in the world should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging.' I was a good classic, and acquitted myself well in college examinations, but mathematics, which my mind greatly needed, I almost entirely neglected, and I was told that I was too clever to require them." He is described at this time as amiable, animated, hospitable, a universal favourite, fond of repartee, and yet almost entirely free from conceit and vanity.

From the university, Mr. Wilberforce passed to the House of Commons, being, at the time of his election, barely twenty-one years of age. He was returned by his native town. On reaching London he plunged into politics and fashion, and contracted a taste for gambling, but winning in one night £600, the thought of the mortification, if not inconvenience experienced by the losers, so affected his sensitive spirit that he determined to abandon the fascination. One most intimately associated with Wilberforce in the House, the club and the home at Wimbledon, was William Pitt. An acquaintance begun at college ripened into a close and life-long friendship—not a friendship, however, which invariably secured oneness of political action. In politics, Wilberforce was by profession and on principle, an Independent—voting on questions as they commended themselves to his judgment, irrespective of party. The Whigs sometimes thought him a Tory, and *vice versa*, but both gave him credit for thorough honesty. Pitt frequently used Wilberforce's villa, at Wimbledon, more as an inmate than a guest, and in the Parliamentary vacation of 1783 the friends spent a few weeks together in France. They were admitted to the supper-table of Marie Antoinette, and the other festivities of Fontainbleau. "The King," says Wilberforce, speaking of Louis the XVI., "is so strange a being of the hog kind, that it is worth going a hundred miles for a sight of him, especially in boar hunting." His biographers say, "This was the most critical period of his course. He had entered in his earliest manhood upon the dissipated scenes of fashionable life, with a large fortune and most acceptable manners. His ready wit, his conversation, continually sparkling with polished raillery and courteous repartee, his chastened liveliness, his generous and kindly feelings, all secured him that hazardous applause with which society rewards its ornaments and victims. His

rare accomplishments in singing tended to increase his danger. 'Wilberforce, we must have you again; the Prince says that he will come at any time to hear you sing,' was the flattery which he received after his first meeting with the Prince of Wales, in 1782, at the luxurious *soirees* of Devonshire House."

In 1784, Wilberforce became member for the county of York. He travelled in Pitt's carriage, post haste, from London to York, spoke for an hour to the thousands gathered in the Castle Yard, and in spite of the great influence of the aristocratic houses of Howard, Cavendish and Wentworth, he carried the Yorkshiremen with him. Boswell, Johnson's biographer, describing the scene, says, "I saw what seemed to be a mere shrimp mount upon the table, but, as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp become a whale." With this memorable achievement Wilberforce completed his twenty-fifth year—representative of the largest constituency of the realm.

We are now approaching a very important crisis in the life of this youthful statesman. During the ensuing Parliamentary vacation he made an extended continental tour. Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, was his travelling companion—not a spiritual divine, but a sound one theoretically. Having casually seen Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," he asked Milner's opinion of it. "One of the best books ever written," was the reply; "let us take it with us and read it on the journey." The reading of that book eventually led to a complete revolution in Wilberforce's character. Slowly, but surely, he came out of the severe spiritual exercises of subsequent months a Christian soldier, "bold to take up, firm to sustain the consecrated cross." John Newton, once the wicked sailor, afterwards the consecrated pastor, was of signal service to him. Perhaps the eye of the seeker was stronger in its inward than its outward gaze, more intently fixed upon self-renovation, than upon Christ, as the immediate fountain of abiding peace and joy. The day dawned, however, very gradually, and the seed sown thirteen years before by the good Methodist aunt at Wimbledon bore fruit. The "bread" cast upon the "waters" of youth was seen in manhood "after many days."

Henceforward William Wilberforce was known by his contemporaries, through a long Parliamentary life, as a Christian

statesman. Politically, "there were giants in the earth in those days." Edmund Burke, the lofty and far-seeing philosopher, of whom it was said, "whenever he opened his mouth pearls and diamonds dropped from it;" Richard Brinsley Sheridan, orator and dramatist, whose oration on the impeachment of Warren Hastings caused the "reporters to throw down their pens in despair;" Charles James Fox, burly in figure, ungraceful in action, with voice shrill and penetrating, but of whose exquisite pronunciation, purity of style, and power of declamation, strange tales are told by those who were permitted to listen to him: William Pitt, cold, haughty to those who were not familiar with him, but open, playful and genial to those who were, self-possessed; his speech like a magnificent river; Prime Minister at twenty-five, died at forty-seven, "married only to his country." These, with Dundas, Erskine, George Canning and others, formed a galaxy of unusual splendour. With these men Wilberforce kept step. The sprightliness of his manner, the silveriness of his voice, the thoughtfulness, naturalness and readiness of his elocution, and the weight of his character, placed him, on some of the great questions of the day, not a "whit behind the chiefest of his illustrious associates."

Undoubtedly Wilberforce's Christianity specially fitted him for the great work with which his name will always be intertwined. "God Almighty," he says, "has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave trade and the reformation of manners." Granville Sharp's action might have had something to do in giving form to the first of these. Sharp brought an action against a master for claiming in London an escaped slave. The judges decided that liberty is inseparable from British soil. This was in 1772, one year before Wilberforce, then only fourteen, wrote that letter to a York paper on "the odious traffic in human flesh." One of the first engagements of his Parliamentary life was to collect information on the subject of the slave trade. At the same time Providence had inspired another to do outside St. Stephens what Wilberforce was preparing to do inside. Thomas Clarkson, a Cambridge graduate, gave up the idea of being a clergyman, that he might devote himself prominently to this great philanthropy. It was not, however, until 1807 that the victory was won. Over twenty years of strong work was consumed in the strife.

Delay, disappointment, defeat, indomitable perseverance, marked the history of those memorable years. The last letter Wesley ever wrote was to Wilberforce on this burning question. It was dated February 26th, 1791. Seven days later the writer "was not," for God had taken him.

"Dear Sir,—Unless the Divine Power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy, which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils. 'But if God be for you, who can be against you?' Are all of them stronger than God? Oh, 'be not weary in well-doing!' Go on, in the name of God, and the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it.

"Reading this morning a tract written by a poor African, I was particularly struck by that circumstance: that a man who has a black skin, being wronged or outraged by a white man, can have no redress; it being a law in all our colonies, that the oath of a black against a white goes for nothing. What villainy is this!

"That He who has guided you from your youth up; may continue to strengthen you in this and in all things, is the prayer of,

"Dear Sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"Jno. Wesley."

The final vote of this long-sustained conflict with "vested interests" was 283 for Abolition, 16 against it. "Let us make out the names of the miscreants," exclaimed one of Wilberforce's zealous supporters. "Never mind the miserable 16; let us think of our glorious 280," was Wilberforce's reply, adding playfully, "Well, what shall we abolish next?"

"Vested interests" iniquitously fight to-day, but Christianity is as potent now as then.

The "reformation of manners" was one of the objects which Wilberforce conceived God had given him to aim at. In 1781 he formed an association to "resist the spread of open immorality." Both Church and State were fearfully corrupt. Eighteenth century historians, of all shades, are unanimous on this point. Wilberforce personally obtained a number of distinguished names to the document which defined the object and scope of the association. "So you wish, young man," said a nobleman whose house he visited, "to be a reformer of men's morals. Look, then, and see there what is the end of such re-

fomerrs," pointing, as he spoke, to a picture of the crucifixion. If the nobleman intended to quench the zeal of his visitor by such an allusion, he had misread the man. The movement was commendable, though neither profound nor very far-reaching in its results.

Wilberforce's yearning for the moral and spiritual improvement of the upper classes found congenial expression in the book which he published in 1797, entitled, "A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of the Professed Christians in the higher and middle classes of this country contrasted with real Christianity." A cumbrous title, but certainly a comprehensive one. There was nothing specially new either in the truths presented, or in the form of presentation, but coming from a layman occupying a position so prominent and peculiar, the effect in some quarters was electrical. When the MS. was offered to Cadell, the publisher, he was somewhat apprehensive,—the author says, "he evidently regarded me as an amiable enthusiast." Works on religion were not much in demand. The cautious publisher enquired, "You mean to put your name to the work?" On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he said, "Then I think we may venture on 500 copies." Some of Wilberforce's friends were doubtful of the project, but God's blessing was on it,—"7,500 copies were called for within six months of the publication, it passed through fifteen editions in England, twenty-four in America, was translated into five languages, and it was said that not a year passed during the author's after life, in which he was not gladdened by the news that some one had been led to seriousness, or some wavering faith confirmed, or languid piety quickened by its appeals." Robert Hall spoke of it as an "inestimable work," and Burke, who spent much of the last two days of his life in reading it, said, "that he derived much comfort from it, and that if he lived, he should thank Wilberforce for having sent such a book into the world." Thomas Chalmers was quickened into "newness of life" by it,—Legh Richmond also, and by this transformation was congenially fitted for writing the life of that pious Methodist young woman, Elizabeth Wallbridge, "The Dairyman's Daughter," a little book which has led thousands to Christ. Well might Sir James Stephen say, "If in elevating the moral and religious character of our people during the last

century the first place be due to the illustrious founder of Methodism, the second may be justly claimed for Mr. Wilberforce."

The Bible Society from its inception had in Wilberforce both a supporter and an advocate. He was also associated with its precursor, the "Naval and Military Bible Society." The part which Methodism played in the origination of the latter is not generally known. Dr. Stoughton, in his excellent life of Wilberforce, is in error on this point. On p. 91, he says, "In 1779, an unknown Quaker, named John Davis, wrote to another Quaker, George Cussons, proposing to distribute small pocket Bibles among the regular and militia troops. The well-known John Thornton entered into the idea, and in the same year it took shape as a Bible Society, since known as the 'Naval and Military Bible Society.'" John Davis and George Cussons were not Quakers, but Methodists, members of the leaders' meeting in West Street Methodist Chapel, London. The first public collection made on behalf of this society was made in this West Street Chapel, and the first package of Bibles issued by this infant society was from the vestry of the same building.* A writer in the *Sunday at Home* for 1874, p. 772, speaking of the first Bible Society, says, "Who John Davis was we do not know, but he certainly planted the seed which has grown to such a mighty tree as the British and Foreign Bible Society." With both these societies Wilberforce was lovingly and actively identified. He helped in committee work, and no one was more welcome at the metropolitan and provincial meetings than the slight figure of the "Friend of the Negro."

Many striking facts are given by his biographers illustrative of his beneficence. During a large part of his life it is supposed that he devoted to acts of charity from a third to a fourth of his annual income. Not only cases of ordinary distress, but embarrassed princes of the blood were benefitted by his thoughtful large-heartedness. He had regular annuitants,—"not a few, who afterwards acquired independence and wealth, were indebted to his support for carrying them through their early struggles."

The domestic and social life of the philanthropist was attrac-

**Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, 1875, p. 1112; also 1881, p. 618.

tive. He married at the somewhat mature age of thirty-seven. His wife is said to have been a clever and estimable lady, who possessed the accomplishment of being able to write and talk and listen all at once. Six children animated the home—four sons and two daughters,—and when released from parliamentary and other engagements, the geniality of the father gave music and sunshine to the circle. The hour of domestic worship was half-past nine—"always a great thing in his esteem,"—the Scriptures were read in course, and enlarged upon with affectionate earnestness and a most intelligent appreciation."

"If I were called upon to describe Wilberforce," writes Sir James Macintosh, "I should say he was the most amusable man I ever met with in my life. Instead of having to think what subjects will interest him, it is impossible to think upon one that does not interest him. I never saw any one who touched life at so many points, and it is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absorbed in the contemplations of a future state. When he was in the House of Commons, he seemed to have the freshest mind of any man there. There was all the charm of youth about him; and he is quite as remarkable in this bright evening of his days as when I saw him in his glory many years ago."

Wilberforce's versatility and discursiveness are well hit off by Joseph Gurney in his description of the visit which Chalmers paid him.

"Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion, Wilberforce is like a bee. Chalmers can say a pleasant thing now and then, and laugh when he said it, and he has a strong touch of humour on his countenance; but in general he is grave, his thoughts grow to a great size before they are uttered. Wilberforce sparkles with life and wit, and the characteristic of his mind is rapid productiveness. A man might be in Chalmers' company for an hour, especially in a party, without knowing who or what he was, though in the end he would be sure to be detected by some display of powerful originality. Wilberforce, except when fairly asleep, is never latent. Chalmers knows how to veil himself in a decent cloud, Wilberforce is always in sunshine. . . Yet both love the Lord Jesus Christ, and reverently acknowledge Him to be their only Saviour."

It is a regrettable circumstance that three of Wilberforce's four sons, two of whom were clergymen, should have gone over to Romanism, and died there,—regrettable in itself, and in what it presupposes. Whether the trend Romewards was domestic or tutorial has not been recorded. Wilberforce's public duties obliged him to be much away from his children, thereby placing

the formative period of their life largely in other hands. He, though strongly attached to the Church of England, was not bigotedly so. The advocate of the Slave was too sympathetically broad for that. He frequently and voluntarily associated himself with ministers and laymen of other Churches, but that three out of his four sons should go over to Romanism, and that the fourth, Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, should go so near the dividing line that it was sometimes difficult to define his real position, is an unfortunate and significant circumstance. If Wilberforce did not influence his sons, the evidence is very clear that *they* influenced *him*. Dr. Leifchild says, "He" (Wilberforce) "used to come from Bath to Bristol when I was settled there, but it was to hear Robert Hall. He wrote to me apologizing for not coming to me, and for not going to hear Mr. Jay at Bath as he had formerly done, on account of the prejudice it would excite against him—his sons having gone into the Church." Take the following from his journal: "Butterworth" (Methodist Missionary Treasurer) "breakfasted; full of matter and good works; all activity; God bless him. ——— at Jay's, where I greatly wished to go," (and where in former days he had delightedly gone), "but thought it wrong." Wrong! Then William Jay was a pulpit intruder! This may be Churchianity, but not Christianity. The good man, now aged, had to fight against the better feelings of his heart, but his prejudice against "unsteepled places of worship," and the influence of his Romanising sons carried the day.

It is refreshing to turn from this shadow to the closing scenes of an otherwise grand, luminous and instructive life. Wilberforce retired from Parliament in the year 1825, being then sixty-six years of age. His stewardship had been a lengthy and an honourable one. The remainder of his days were spent in the bosom of his family, calmly and happily. Heavy trials he had, but the grace of God more than neutralized their pressure. His daughter died, and a serious reverse of circumstances fell upon him. Speaking of the latter he said, he did not know how it was that Providence should permit it to come unless He wished him to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one. "Our heavy loss has led to the solid and great increase of our enjoyments."

On Friday, July 26th, 1833, an important event took place

in the House of Commons,—the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery was read a second time. This was the delayed but glorious outcome of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade in 1807, twenty-six years before. "Thank God," said the dying philanthropist, when the news was carried to him, "that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery." The following Monday morning, in his seventy-fourth year, he exchanged earth for heaven. Parliament buried him in Westminster Abbey, with the imposing solemnity of a state funeral. Yorkshire commemorated his virtues and labours by erecting in Hull an institution for the blind, and most of the coloured population of the West Indies went into mourning when they heard of his death.

"And they buried him in the city of David among the kings, because he had done good in Israel."

KINGSTON, Ont.

THE MESSAGE OF THE EASTER FLOWERS.

BY C. M. ST. DENYS.

"EASTER flowers, what word bring ye?"
"Mourner, joy we bring to thee."
"Speak! O bear your tidings free."
"Christ is risen! let sorrow flee."
"Yea, He conquered death, I know,
But I sigh with earthly woe."
"Peace, poor soul, He loves thee so,
He will all good things bestow."
"Good! so seem not bitter tears,
Pain, and loss, and weary years."

"Yea; poor soul, when understood,
Pain and loss are choicest good.
Mark the lessons of the earth;
See each year the spring's new birth.
Wintry skies are changed to blue,
Earth with green is clothed anew.
Blossoms burst and leaf-buds swell,
Songsters 'scape from prisoning shell.
All proclaim, 'Comes peace through strife,
Christ has risen and death is life!'"

THE FOUR GOSPELS.*

BY F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,
Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster.

IV.—THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

Of the object of this Gospel we need not have a moment's doubt, for the Apostle distinctly foreshadows it in his prologue, and states it at the conclusion. He admits that the book is a selection; that Jesus did many other signs which are not written in this book: "but these," he says, "are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in His name."

This statement of the writer's threefold object is at once terse and extraordinarily comprehensive.

In very early days there began a fatal tendency (as we shall see hereafter) "to sever Jesus," *i.e.*, of the two *natures* to make two *persons;* to draw a distinction between the human Jesus and the eternal Christ; to represent the life of Jesus on earth as purely phantasmal; to say that the Divine nature only united itself with Him at His baptism, and abandoned Him at the Cross. It was St. John's object to testify that *Jesus was* indivisibly and distinctly *the Son of God.*

But it was his object, further, to connect this Revelation with all the past. Jesus, the Son of God, *was also the Christ,* the Jewish Messiah. Christianity was no sudden break, no startling discontinuity in the course of God's revelation. Christianity did not dissever itself from the glorious annals and holy foreshadowings of Judaism. To St. John, as to St. Matthew, the old dispensation was the new prefigured; the new dispensation was the old fulfilled.

But this twofold polemic or demonstrative object was subordinate to the high moral and religious object. If St. John wrote to show that the present was the consummation of all that was blessed, and the universalisation of all that was narrow in the past, he did so that in this belief *we might have life:*

* Abridged from Canon Farrar's latest work, *The Messages of the Books.* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $4.

—"these signs have been written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye may have life in His name."

The characteristics of the Gospel are very clearly marked. First it is eminently the spiritual Gospel, the Gospel of Eternity, the Gospel of Love. This feature was observed in the earliest days. The other Gospels were called in contradistinction to it the "bodily" Gospels. The Synoptists represent the objective teaching of the Apostles (Acts xi. 49); this Gospel represents the deeper and more developed thoughts of St. John. The fourth Gospel is distinguished from the other three, in that it is shaped with a conscious design to illustrate and establish an assumed conclusion. If we compare the purpose of St. John with that of St. Luke (i. 1–4) it may be said with partial truth that the inspiring impulse was in the one case doctrinal, and in the other historical. But care must be taken not to exaggerate or misinterpret this contrast. Christian history is doctrine, and this is above all things the lesson of the fourth Gospel. The Synoptic narratives are implicit dogmas, no less truly than St. John's dogmas are concrete facts. The real difference is that the earliest Gospels contained the fundamental words and facts which experience afterwards interpreted, "while the latest Gospel reviews the facts in the light of their interpretation." It is only in this sense that the Gospel can be called "a theological treatise," or that St. John can be regarded as being, in a technical sense, what the early fathers called him, "the theologian," "the divine."

The views tend at once to correct and to absorb the counter theories that the Gospel was didactic; or supplementary; or polemical; or an *Eirenicon*. It is all of these in its effects, but none of these in exclusive design. It is *didactic* only because the interpretation lay in the facts recorded. It is *supplemental*, and even avowedly supplemental, in so far as the author constantly assumes that certain facts are already in the knowledge of his hearers, and adds other facts out of the abounding specialty of his own information; but at the same time it expressly disclaims all intention to be complete. The object of the Evangelist is not so much the historic record of facts as the development of their inmost meaning. It is *polemical*, since it is incidentally a correction of incipient errors by

the statement of truth. It is an *Eirenicon* only because St. John had attained to the apprehension of the one consummate truth—"the Word became Flesh"—in which all religious controversies are reconciled. Every truth which is so supreme and final in character is the synthesis of minor oppositions. For instance, the early Church was profoundly agitated by the question about the Law; St. John, without so much as touching on the question, sets it aside and solves it for ever by the one sentence, "The Law was given by Moses; grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

It is emphatically and pre-eminently the Gospel of the Incarnation. Matthew had set forth Christ's Messianic functions; Mark His active work; Luke His character as a Saviour; St. John sets forth His Person. Christ fills the whole Book, and absorbs the whole life of the drama of which He is the centre. The informing idea of every page and chapter is "the Word made flesh." The idea of the Logos, as Godet says, very far from being the mother of the narrative is the daughter of it. The title of Logos is not used by Christ Himself or in the body of the Gospel. St. John sets forth to us that there is no vast unspanned abyss between God and man, but that God became man; that there is nothing inherently evil in the bodily nature of man, but that the Word became Incarnate Man. Jesus is the Son of God, and yet is no Docetic phantom, but hungers and thirsts and is weary, and knows human anguish and human joy. Yet it is entirely untrue to assert that St. John represents a different Christ, "another Jesus" than the Christ of the Synoptists. The scenery, indeed, in which He is placed is partly different, and the form and time, and to some extent the substance of His teaching. But there is no difference as regards His Divinity. Christ is the same Christ, though looked at from a different point of view; and (externally) the coincidences in the twofold delineation are to be counted by scores. They are coincidences in place, dates, duration, incident, words, doctrines, imagery; and they have been pointed out again and again. There are in St. John no scribes, no lepers, no publicans, no demoniacs; there is little or nothing which can be called anecdotic. Hence, while he does not narrate a single parable, he brings out another

side of the doctrine of Jesus, parabolic indeed in character, but less easy of popular apprehension—namely, the allegoric. In the allegoric discourses about bread and wine, about light, the door, the gate, the vine, the shepherd, St. John brings out in a different manner the same essential truths. When he penned his Gospel a flood of light had been cast on the truths of the New Covenant by the full absorption of Gentile Christians into the Church, by the development of Christian thought, by the antagonism of anti-Christian error, above all by the Destruction of Jerusalem, and that Second Coming of Christ to close for ever the Old Dispensation. Many of the same essential doctrines are common to the Apocalypse and the Gospel, and if there be also a deep difference between them it is a difference due to the lapse of twenty years marked by events of unparalleled importance, and by a religious development rich and rapid beyond that of any other epoch in the history of the world.

It is the Gospel of "the Logos," of Christ the Word of God. The profound insight—let us say rather the spiritual illumination—which led the Evangelist to use this title for Jesus Christ the Son of God has been recognized in all ages. In the use of it St. John stands alone. Other apostles seem, as it were, to hover on the verge of it, but they do not definitely adopt it, still less do they dwell prominently upon it. The object of St. John was to show that God had come down to man in order that man might arise to God. The Manichean dread of all matter as essentially evil, the Agnostic desire to regard God as unspeakably remote and incomprehensible, were fundamentally overthrown by the immortal utterance that "the Word became flesh." To make such a use of the title "the Word" was to slay those conceptions which lay at the heart of Alexandrian theosophy and of Jewish scholasticism with an arrow winged with feathers from their own nests. It was to adopt their most cherished watchwords in order to substitute for their favourite idols an eternal truth.

And this being the case the title Logos receives all the fulness of its meaning. It means all that the Rabbis implied by the Shechinah and the Metatron, and the Targumists by Memra and Debura. It means both uttered reason and immanent

speech, both the spoken word and the inner thought of the Stoics and of Philo. It means all that is included in the Latin words used by different Fathers and translators to express it—*Verbum, Sermo, Ratio.* In means alike (as in the famous lines of Goethe), "das Wort," "der Sinn," "die Kraft," "die That" the Word, the Thought, the Power, the Act. It fixes, and so to speak, crystallises all that had been said in the books of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha about the Word, the Angel of the Presence, and the Wisdom of God, as well as all the speculations of Gentile, Rabbinical, and Alexandrian philosophy. At the same time it supersedes and transcends all those dim approximations to half-apprehended truths. It infuses into them a life which raises them into a loftier sphere of being. More epoch-making words which more express the inmost meaning of all revelation in all ages—were never written than the four words of this Gospel, "The Word became flesh," which some modern writers are content to assign to an unknown forger of the second century.

It is the Gospel of symbolism; and mystic numbers prevail even throughout the arrangement of the topics.

"The clothing of the book is Greek, but the body is Hebrew." The arrangement of the book is throughout constructed with direct reference to the sacred numbers three and seven. Almost all the sub-sections run in triplets. "Jesus is thrice in Galilee, thrice in Judea, twice three feasts take place during His ministry, and particularly three Passover feasts—in the beginning, the middle, the end—which either foretell or procure His death. He works three miracles in Galilee and three in Jerusalem. Twice three days is He in the neighbourhood of John; three days are covered by the narrative of Lazarus, and six by the fatal Passover. He utters three sayings on the Cross, and appears thrice after His Resurrection."

The grouping round the three Passovers is part of St. John's original plan (ii. 13, vi. 4, xi. 55). And it can hardly be an accident that Christ utters seven times "I am," and so reveals Himself as the Bread of Life, the Light of the World, the Door of the Sheep, the Good Shepherd, the Resurrection and the Life, the Way, and the True Vine.

In reading the Gospel and First Epistle of St. John we are reading the last words of special revelation; we catch, as it

were, the final whisper of the voice of Christ as it was echoed in the heart of the disciple whom He loved. And the tone of the speaker's mind is worthy of the charm which we find in its accents. "Here we have rest and harmony—peace, joy, and blessedness such as the Christian seeks for; and though struggle is not wanting, varied and intense—heat, want, trouble, zeal, anger, irony—yet the struggling Christ is a part of the Christian life which seeks to find expression in him; and Christ's finale, at the parting supper, on the cross, after the resurrection, is peace, victory, glory."

'TIS THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.*

'Tis the day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light!
And listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen—
Our joy that hath no end!

*The hymn, "'Tis the Day of Resurrection," was written nearly eleven hundred years ago by a priest called John of Damascus. He was a priest in the church of Jerusalem, but afterwards, according to the custom of that time, he retired to a monastery not far from the Dead Sea. This hymn has become a religious classic, and, on Easter Sabbath, will be sung the world over, in many lands and by many tongues.

THE MEDITERRANEAN OF CANADA.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.*

In the month of February, 1885, a report was laid before the Parliament of Canada detailing the results of an expedition dispatched by the Government of the country particularly for the purpose of inquiring into the navigability of the Hudson Strait and Bay, and, at the same time, of gathering information concerning the resources of that region, and its availability as a field for settled habitation. This report represents the first properly organized attempt that has ever been made to pierce the secrets of Hudson Bay for the public benefit.

It is at first blush not easy to understand why this mighty expanse of water, occupying the peculiarly important position that it does, should remain for so many generations comparatively unexplored, and wholly unutilized, except as a hunting-ground for a few New Bedford whalers, or a medium of easy communication between some half-dozen scattered factories of the Hudson Bay Company. Although called a bay, it is really an inland sea, 1,000 miles in length by 600 in width, having thus an area of about 500,000 square miles, or quite half that of the Mediterranean. It drains an expanse of country spreading out more than 2,000 miles from east to west, and 1,500 from north to south, or an area of 3,000,000 square miles. Into its majestic waters pour feeders which take their rise in the Rocky Mountains on the west and in Labrador on the east, while southward it stretches out its river-roots away below the 49th parallel until they tap the same lake-source which sends a stream into the Gulf of Mexico. Despite its distance northward, its blue waves are never bound by icy fetters, and its broad gateway to the Atlantic is certainly navigable four months out of the year, and possibly all the year round to properly equipped steamships. Its depths abound in finny wealth, from the mammoth whale to the tiny caplin. Its shores are serrated by numerous streams, some navigable for long distances inland, and all stocked with the finest of fresh-water fish, and clothed

* Abridged from an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

as to their banks with valuable timber ready for the lumberman's axe. Its islands are rich in mineral ore of many kinds. The country whose margin its tides lave is well adapted for tillage and pasturage, while all around the region swarms with animals and birds whose flesh or fur renders their chase a highly lucrative employment. How comes it, then, that for all this superabundant endowment, the only population outside the wandering bands of Eskimos and native Indians to be found there to-day gathers in little circles around the Company's forts which dot the shore at immense intervals?

The explanation of this apparent enigma is not far to seek. It lies simply in the fact that, until little more than a decade ago, Hudson Bay and vicinity was the subject of a monopoly, which effectually excluded from it all but the employés of a single corporation. It was first visited in 1610 by Henry Hudson, who, after giving his name to the Hudson River, in his rude little bark, well named *Discovery*, dauntlessly pushed his way thither in search of the mythical north-west passage to the Pacific, and made it both his imperishable monument and his grave. The stories that his mutinous crew took home with them did not prevent other vessels being dispatched on the same hopeless quest, and, if these latter failed to find the north-west passage, they at all events found sufficient cause for the Hudson Bay Company being founded in 1668. This astute corporation, easily obtaining a grant of the bay and its environing territory, together with the most extensive powers, from a king who knew nothing of its value, and cared less, forthwith set about excluding all possible rivals from their invaluable fur-preserve. For half a century or more they had a serious obstacle to the execution of their laudable design in the presence of the French, and the bay became the theatre of many a hard-fought conflict.

It was not until, by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the whole of Hudson Bay was ceded to the British, that the Company were left to the undisputed possession of their vast estate—the most stupendous landed property ever owned by one corporation, embracing, as it then did, the entire North-West of Canada. As the day for violence had gone by, they resorted to a subtler but incomparably more effective method of keeping the country to themselves. The most ingeniously false and distorted ac-

counts were sedulously spread abroad concerning this region. According to them, it was a land of eternal snow and ice, utterly unfit for human settlement. The perils of the passage through the strait were grossly magnified. Preposterous tales were circulated as to the rigours of the climate, the fierceness of the wild animals, and the barbarous character of the inhabitants. The Company's efforts were crowned with the most gratifying success. Decade after decade slipped by, and they were still in unquestioned possession, and probably would have remained so to this day, but for their having been bought out in 1870 for the tidy sum of £300,000, by the Canadian Government, to whom, with some reservation, they transferred all their real estate.

With the change of ownership came a complete change in policy. Under the new *régime*, the great object held in view was no longer to keep the country a solitude, unbroken by the hum of human life, but to ascertain in how far it might be available as a field for settlement. In fulfilment of this policy, Dr. Bell, Assistant Director of the Geological Survey, was sent up there with an exploring party for six successive seasons, and his observations constitute some of the most interesting portions of the reports of that survey. The vast importance of this region rapidly dawned upon the public mind, when it became known that here was an immense range of country, having a temperate climate, a fertile soil, and boundless wealth in forest and mine, awaiting the long-delayed advent of the farmer, the lumberman, and the miner. And not only so, but the phenomenal development of the great North-West drew attention to Hudson Bay upon another and even more immediately important ground.

Entering as this bay does into the very heart of the continent, and being connected by navigable rivers with a network of great lakes which spreads out until it touches the western boundaries of Manitoba, the keen-eyed farmer of that fertile province espied in it a hopeful solution of the vital problem how they should most cheaply transport their grain to the markets of the Old World. By reference to a map of the northern hemisphere it will at once be seen that the shortest possible route between the North-West Territories and Europe lies through Hudson Bay. As the result of careful calculations,

it has been ascertained that even the city of Winnipeg, which is situated in the extreme south-eastern part of these Territories, is at least 800 miles nearer to Liverpool, for instance, by the Hudson Bay route, than by the St. Lawrence, while the difference in favour of the former necessarily increases the farther we advance north-westward. If, as Dr. Bell has so clearly pointed out, we take the central point of the agricultural lands of the North-West, we shall find that the distance from it to Winnipeg is about the same as it is to Churchill, the finest harbour in Hudson Bay. Now the distance between Churchill and Liverpool is a little less (about sixty-four miles) than it is between Montreal and that great entrepot of commerce. The conclusion consequently is that, as between the above-named centre and Liverpool, there is a saving of the whole distance from Winnipeg to Montreal by the use of Hudson Bay. This saving amounts to no less than 1,291 miles by way of Lake Superior, and 1,698 miles *via* Chicago.

The translation of miles into dollars and cents is an easy process nowadays, and it has been estimated that the difference in freight in favour of the Hudson Bay route is at least thirty-two cents on each bushel of grain, or, in other words, means an additional profit of over six dollars an acre to the farmers of the West. When this idea had once fairly taken hold of the public mind a profound interest was awakened, not only throughout Canada, but also in England, where, at the 1880 meeting of the British Association, Sir J. H. Lefroy, President of the Geological Section, hesitated not to affirm that the natural seaports of that vast interior now thrown open to settlement, Manitoba, Keewatin, and the other provinces yet unborn, must be sought in Hudson Bay. The mouth of the Churchill River would undoubtedly be the future shipping-port for the agricultural products of the North-West, and the route by which immigrants would enter the country. In Canada the subject was brought before Parliament for the first time in 1878, and thenceforth pressed upon its attention every year, until, finally, after a committee had gathered all available information upon the subject, it was decided, at the session of 1884, to dispatch a fully-equipped expedition having for its main object the determination of the one point upon which the whole question rested, namely, whether the bay and strait might be re-

lied upon as safe and serviceable highways of commerce. It was, of course, a matter of general knowledge that these waters had been ploughed by keels for two hundred and seventy-four years back; that sailing vessels of all descriptions, from the pinnace of twenty tons to the seventy-four-gun man-of-war, had passed through the strait and spread their white wings all across the bay; and that Moose Factory had been visited by a supply-ship with unfailing regularity every year since 1735. But facts like these, encouraging as they might be, were not conclusive, because in all cases these vessels had been free to choose their own time for entering and leaving the bay, and they therefore still left the question open as to whether these waters were navigable during a sufficient portion of the year to render possible the development of a great and permanent commerce. In order that there should be successful shipping ports upon the bay, there must, of course, be railways leading from the interior to these ports, and these railways must be assured of a profitable volume of business during a good long season, or they would never be built. The expedition, therefore, was charged primarily with the duty of affixing the limits of the period of navigation, and at the same time was instructed to gather as much information concerning the climate, resources, flora, fauna, and other features of the region as the limited time at its command would permit.

On the 22nd of July, 1884, the steamship *Neptune*, a wooden vessel, built and equipped with special reference to northern navigation in prosecution of the seal-fishery, set forth from the port of Halifax, with the members of the expedition on board—some twenty-six in number, Lieutenant Andrew R. Gordon, R.N., being in command.

Sailing up past Capes North and Ray, and thence through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Strait of Belle Isle, the *Neptune* coasted along the Labrador shore. On the way icebergs were encountered in great numbers, requiring constant vigilance on board the steamship. Off Cape Chudleigh, which is just at the mouth of Hudson Strait, the *Neptune* was enveloped in a dense fog, which compelled her to lay-to from Sunday until Tuesday morning. Tuesday, however, dawned bright and clear, and, pushing in through Grey Strait, a fine narbour was found on the north-western shore of the cape. On

the shore of this harbour a site was selected for observing station No. 1. As the best and briefest method of indicating the precise nature of the duties devolving upon these observers who were to spend a long and dreary winter at their posts, we abridge the instructions with which each was furnished:

INSTRUCTIONS TO OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF STATIONS IN HUDSON BAY AND STRAIT.—As the primary object of the whole expedition is to ascertain for what period of the year the strait is navigable, all attention is to be paid to the formation, breaking up, and movements of the ice.

After each observation during daylight the observer on duty will take the telescope and carefully examine the Strait, writing down *at the time* all that he sees, stating direction and (when possible) velocity of tide, movement of ice, if any; also describe the condition of the ice, whether much broken up, solid field, etc.

As soon as possible after the houses are completed and the stores all in place, the party will set to work collecting sods, grass, or any other non-conducting material, and before the winter sets in the whole house is to be covered with this, boards overlaid, and snow packed over all; the assistance of the Eskimos should, if possible, be obtained, and the whole house arched over with snow.

Tidal observations, temperature, etc., were all to be carefully noted. Several stations were visited in turn, and the finishing touches were given to the preparations for the long Arctic winter. Thence the expedition returned to St. John's, Newfoundland, leaving about twenty men at the several stations. It now remains to examine into the results so far as they have been detailed, and consider their bearing upon the important problem sought to be solved; and, first of all, with regard to the navigation of Hudson Strait and Bay. The ice has hitherto been supposed to be the most formidable barrier to the navigation of these waters, but Lieutenant Gordon assures us that under investigation its terror very largely disappears. No icebergs were encountered in Hudson Bay, nor were any reported as having been seen there in the past; but in the strait a good many were seen, principally along the northern shore, where a number were stranded in the coves, while others were met with in mid-channel. In Lieutenant Gordon's opinion, the icebergs seen in Hudson Strait during August and September would form no greater barriers to navigation than do those met with off the Strait of Belle Isle, nor were they more numerous in the

former than they frequently are in the latter waters. The field-ice encountered, although it would have compelled an ordinary iron steamer to go dead-slow, gave no trouble to the *Neptune*, the vessel running at full speed between the pans, and rarely touching one of them. No ice was met with through which the steamer could not easily and safely force her way.

After passing the east end of Salisbury Island the ice got heavier and closer, and when off Nottingham Island the pack was so run together that no attempt was made to force the ship through it. In some cases there were sheets of solid blue ice not less than forty feet in thickness, not a mere aggregation of field-ice, but evidently frozen just as it stood, the general average of the whole field being at least five feet. Now, the question as to the origin of this ice, and whether it will be frequently met with in the strait, is one of paramount importance. Lieutenant Gordon does not consider it possible for ice to form in Fox Channel to a greater thickness than ten feet in a single year, and consequently feels convinced that much of the ice encountered was the accumulation of several years.

At Churchill the harbour-ice forms, on an average, about the middle of November, and breaks up about the middle of June, and these two dates may therefore be taken as marking the extreme limits of the season during which that harbour may be used.

With regard to the time consumed in making the passage through the strait, it is necessary to note that, had the *Neptune* gone direct from Cape Chudleigh to Churchill, instead of coasting and working across the strait, there would have been no greater delay on account of the ice than forty-eight hours at the most; but, at the same time, no ordinary iron steamship, built as the modern freight-carrier is, could have got through the heavier ice without incurring serious risk, if not actual disaster.

So far as weather is concerned, Hudson Strait enjoys a decided advantage over Belle Isle Strait, and on that ground, at all events, presents no difficulties of such a character that they cannot readily be overcome by experienced, careful navigators.

Those portions of Lieutenant Gordon's report which deal with the resources and trade of the region he visited, interest-

ing and important as they are, must be passed over for the present, while we hasten on to what he has to say concerning its natural history. Before doing so, however, it is worth noting that, although Hudson Bay belongs to Canada, its whale and walrus fisheries have been hitherto enjoyed by the Americans altogether, and the fur trade has been entirely monopollized by the Hudson Bay Company, so that the Dominion practically obtains no benefit from these vast possessions whatever. Lieutenant Gordon, accordingly, very properly, presses upon the Government of Canada the necessity of their turning their attention to this unaccountably neglected field for enterprise and investment, and especially of seeing that its treasures are not prematurely exhausted, but so preserved as to be a permanent source of revenue and profit.

We come now to Lieutenant Gordon's observations upon the natural history of the country, and first of all as to its human inhabitants. These are very scanty, and, with the exception of a few white men at the traders' posts, are solely Eskimos. On the north side of the strait they are quite familiar with the ways of white men, and seem to be highly pleased at the prospect of increased intercourse with them. Occasionally one is met with who has mastered the English tongue, but not often. Many others understand well enough what is said to them in that language, although they cannot be persuaded to speak it. In character they are docile, amiable, and willing to work. When landing the stores and coal at North Bluff they worked all day along with the men, carrying heavy weights up over the rocks, and toiling away as cheerily as could be desired, asking no other remuneration than biscuits, of which commodity they are inordinately fond. The families are small, there rarely being more than two or three children, and their numbers must be diminishing, because signs of their presence were met with everywhere, while the people themselves were found at only three places along the straits. Along the Labrador coast the Eskimos gather in small settlements around the Moravian mission-stations. Nain is considered the largest settlement, and its Eskimo population does not exceed two hundred souls. Those at the stations are all educated, being able to read and write in their own language, and, according to the missionaries, are regular attendants at church,

and very fond of music—two excellent and hopeful traits certainly.

Practical prohibition prevails, thanks to the vigilance of the missionaries, and the only liability to temptation that ever falls in the way of an Eskimo is when some unprincipled Newfoundland fisherman offers him a pull out of his flask. This, however, is a rare occurrence, and there is no record of any disturbance or trouble ever having been raised that would elsewhere demand the presence of a policeman for its quelling. The missions are so well managed as to be self-supporting, the *modus operandi* being for the missionaries to supply the Eskimos on loan with the very best traps, fishing-lines, and other gear, and then to purchase from them all their catch, whether it be seals, cod, salmon, furs, or anything else. A vessel which comes out from London every year transports the stock thus accumulated to London, where it is sold for the benefit of the mission, and in this way a considerable income is secured annually. In reference to the work thus carried on by the missionaries, Lieutenant Gordon pays them a well-deserved compliment by giving it as his opinion that their system of dealing with the natives, when honourably carried out, as it has been, and is on the Labrador coast, is the one which best meets the wants of the natives, and tends to the improvement of their condition.

So much has been said by Arctic explorers about the incorrigible kleptomania of the natives they encountered, that we read with no less surprise than gratification this testimony as to the moral condition of the Eskimos at Hudson Strait: "One word may be said in regard to their honesty. Although scraps of iron and wood possess a value to them which we can hardly appreciate, they would take nothing without first asking permission; not even a chip or broken nail was taken without their first coming to the officer who was on duty at the building for permission to take it."

In the matter of animals, the Hudson Bay region is quite as scantily supplied as it is in human inhabitants, the list of terrestrial mammalia comprising only four species, namely, the polar bear, the fox, the hare, and the reindeer. The skin of the polar bear is quite valuable, a good one bringing twelve dollars with the agents of the Hudson Bay Company. The Eskimos on the south side of the strait stated that, at certain times of the year,

there were large numbers of these animals seen. Their meat is not unpalatable, but the liver is said to be poisonous. Of foxes there are three kinds found, to wit, the white, the blue, and the red. The most important and beneficent of all the animals of the country, however, is the reindeer, which furnishes food and clothing, and much more, too, for its Eskimo master. The hare is common over the whole coast, and with game-birds of many kinds—geese, swans, duck, and ptarmigan—will no doubt furnish many a toothsome dish for the tables of the men at the various stations.

The question as to whether the navigable season of the strait is sufficiently long to permit of an extensive commerce growing up and being profitably maintained, remains still an open one, and must do so for perhaps a year or two more. Yet, in view of what has been already ascertained, it certainly seems as if the probabilities were all in favour of the Hudson Bay route being found practicable, and pressed into the world's service at no very distant day.

The era of sailing-vessels is rapidly passing away. The freight-carriers between the continents will ere long be exclusively steamships, and to steamships properly adapted for the work the passage of Hudson Strait has been clearly shown to be perfectly feasible and free from danger. The matter has resolved itself down to this single point: For how many months may a steamship navigate those waters? And even if the answer, deduced from the observations taken at the stations now established, be that these months are too few to make the route pay, Lieutenant Gordon's expedition will not have been undertaken in vain, for it has thrown a flood of light upon a region hitherto comparatively unknown, and has opened Canadian eyes to the fact that here, right in the heart of their own territory, they possess sources of wealth, both in the seas and on the land, requiring nothing but a little enterprise and capital to yield the most satisfactory returns. In the bay and adjacent waters the whale, porpoise, walrus, narwhal, seal, salmon, trout, and cod are ready at the summons of hook and harpoon to make substantial contribution to the national wealth. Upon the shore and throughout the islands minerals without number and forests without limit await the lumberman and the miner.

Ottawa, Ontario.

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VII.—THE MAN AT DEATH'S DOOR.

It must be remembered that Margaret was bound by ties whose strength this generation can hardly conceive. The authority of a father over a child in England and Scotland is still a very decided one. Fifty years ago in Shetland it was almost absolute. Margaret believed the fifth commandment to be as binding upon her as the first. Therefore if she thought her father's orders regarding Jan unkind, the possibility of disobeying them never presented itself.

Jan's troubles were pointed out to her as the obvious results of Jan's sins. How could he expect a blessing on a boat bought as he had bought *The Solan?* And what was the use of helping a man who was always so unfortunate? When Margaret recovered from her faint, she was inclined to think she deserved praise for what she called her self-denial. She knew also that her father would be satisfied with her conduct, and Peter's satisfaction took tangible forms. He had given £100 when she broke up her home and left Jan; she certainly looked for some money equivalent for her present obedience. And yet she was quite positive this latter consideration had in no way at all influenced her decision; she was sure of that; only, there could be no harm in reflecting that a duty done would have its reward.

As for Jan, he let people say whatever they chose to say about him. To Tulloch and to Michael Snorro he described the tempest, and the desperation with which he fought for his boat and his life; but defended himself to no one else. Day after day he passed in the retreat which Snorro had made him, and lying there he could plainly hear the men in Peter's store talk about him. Often he met the same men in Torr's at night, and he laughed bitterly to himself at their double tongues. There are few natures that would have been improved by such a discipline; to a man who had lost all faith in himself, it was a moral suicide.

Down, down, down, with the rapidity with which fine men go to ruin, went Jan. Every little thing seemed to help him to the bottom; yes, even such a trifle as his shabby clothes. But shabby clothes were not a trifle to Jan. There are men as well as women who put on respectability with respectable raiment; Jan was of that class. He was meanly dressed and he felt mean, and he had no money to buy a new suit. All Snorro's

small savings he had used long before for one purpose or another, and his wages were barely sufficient to buy food, and to pay Jan's bill at Torr's; for, alas! Jan would go to Torr's. Snorro was in a sore strait about it, but if Torr's bill were not paid, then Jan would go to Inkster's, a resort of the lowest and most suspicious characters. Between the two evils he chose the lesser.

And Jan said in the freedom of Torr's many things which he ought not to have said. Some of them referred to his wife's cruelty, and to Peter Fae's interference in his domestic concerns. That he should talk of Margaret at all in such a place was a great wrong. Peter took care that she knew it in its full enormity; and it is needless to say, she felt keenly the insult of being made the subject of discussion among the sailor husbands who gathered in Ragon Torr's kitchen. Put a loving, emotional man like Jan Vedder in such domestic circumstances, add to them almost hopeless poverty and social disgrace, and any one could predict with apparent certainty his final ruin.

Of course Jan, in spite of his bravado of indifference, suffered very much. He had fits of remorse which frightened Snorro. Under their influence he had often wandered off for two or three days, and Snorro endured during them all the agonies of a woman who has lost her child.

One night, after a long tramp in the wind and snow, he found himself near Peter Fae's house, and a great longing came over him to see his wife and child He knew that Peter was likely to be at home and that all the doors were shut. There was a bright light in the sitting-room, and the curtains were undrawn. He climbed the inclosure and stood beside the window. He could see the whole room plainly. Peter was asleep in his chair on the hearth. Thora sitting opposite to him. Margaret, with his son in her arms, walked about the room, softly singing the child to sleep. He knew the words of the lullaby—an old Finnish song that he had heard many a mother sing. He could follow every word of it in Margaret's soft, clear voice; and, oh, how nobly fair, how calmly good and how far apart from him she seemed!

Jan watched the scene until he could endure the heart-torture no longer. Had he not been so shabby, so ragged, so weather stained, he would have forced his way to his wife's presence. But on such apparently insignificant trifles hang generally the great events of life. He could not bear the thought of this fair, calm, spotless woman seeing him in such a plight. He went back to Snorro, and was very cross and unreasonable with him, as he had been many times before. But Snorro was one of those rare, noble souls, who can do great and hopeless things, and continue to love what they have seen fall.

He not only pitied and excused Jan, he would not suffer any one to wrong, or insult him. All Torr's regular visitors feared the big man with the white, stern face, who so often called for Jan Vedder, and who generally took his friend away with him.

Jan usually avoided the neighbourhood when Peter was there, but one afternoon, being half intoxicated, he went rolling past, singing snatches of "The Foula Reel." He was ragged and reckless, but through every disadvantage, still strikingly handsome. Michael Snorro lifted himself from the barrel which he was packing, and stood watching Jan with a face full of an inexpressible sorrow. Some one made a remark, which he did not hear, but he heard the low scornful laugh which followed it, and he saw Peter Fae, with a smile of contempt, walk to the door, and glance up the street after Jan.

"One thing I know," said Snorro, looking angrily at the group, "all of you have laughed in a very great company, for when a good man takes the road to hell, there also laughs the devil and all his angels. Yes, indeed."

It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen among them. Peter turned to his books, and one by one the men left the store, and Jan Vedder's name was not spoken again before Snorro by any one.

During the fishing season Jan went now and then to sea, but he had no regular engagement. Some said he was too unreliable; others, more honest, acknowledged they were superstitious about him. "Sooner or later ill luck comes with him," said Neil Scarpa. This feeling against him was worse than shipwreck. It drove Jan to despair. After a night of hard drinking, the idea of suicide began to present itself, with a frightful persistence. What was there for him but a life of dislike and contempt, or a swift unregretted death.

When the warm weather came, he watched for Margaret, and made many attempts to see her. But she had all the persistence of narrow minds. She had satisfied herself that her duty to her father and to her son was before all other duties, and no cruelty is so cruel as that which attacks its victims from behind the ramparts of Duty and Conscience.

Thora frequently saw Jan, and he pleaded his cause eloquently to her. She was very sorry for him, and at times also very angry with him. She could not understand how Margaret's treatment should have taken all the heart and purpose out of his life. She would not let him say so; it was like casting the blame of all his idleness and dissipation upon her daughter. She would make no effort towards a reconciliation; while Margaret held him in such small estimation, she was sure that there could be no permanence in one, even if it could be effected.

Yet once or twice she spoke to Margaret in Jan's favour. If

Margaret had desired to disobey her father, and see her husband, Thora's sympathies would have been with her; but no mother likes to put herself in a position which will give her child an opportunity of answering her with a look of reproachful astonishment. Something very like this had met her suggestion that "Jan must love his child, and long to see him."

Margaret was almost angry at such a supposition. "Jan love his child! It was impossible! No man who did so would behave as Jan had done, and was still doing. To encourage Jan in any way was to disobey her father, and throw herself and her child upon Jan's mercies. She knew what they were. Even if she could see it to be her duty to sacrifice herself, on no account would she sacrifice the babe who had only her to think and care for him. She would do nothing in any way to prejudice its future." This was the tenor of her constant conversation. It was stated anew every morning, it was reiterated every hour of the day; and with every day's reiteration, she became more certain of her own wisdom and justice.

One night, after another useless effort to see his wife, Jan went to Torr's, and found Hol Skager there. Jan was in a reckless mood, and the thought of a quarrel was pleasant to him. Skager was inclined to humour him. They had many old grievances to go over, and neither of them picked their words. At length Jan struck Skager across the mouth, and Skager instantly drew his knife.

In a moment Torr and others had separated the men. Skager was persuaded to leave the house, and Jan, partly by force and partly by entreaty, detained. Skager was to sail at midnight, and Torr was determined that Jan should not leave the house until that hour was passed. Long before it, he appeared to have forgotten the quarrel, to be indeed too intoxicated to remember any thing. Torr was satisfied, but his daughter Suneva was not.

About ten o'clock, Snorro, sitting in the back door of the store, saw Suneva coming swiftly towards him. Ere he could speak she said, "Skager and Jan have quarreled and knives have been drawn. If thou knowest where Skager is at anchor, run there, for I tell thee there was more of murder than liquor in Jan's eyes this night. My father thought to detain him, but he hath slipped away, and thou may be sure he has gone to find Skager."

Snorro only said, "Thou art a good woman, Suneva." He thought he knew Skager's harbour; but when he got there neither boat nor man was to be seen. Skager's other ground was two miles in an opposite direction under the Troll Rock, and not far from Peter Fae's house. Snorro hastened there at his utmost speed. He was in time to see Skager's boat half a mile out at sea, sailing southward. Snorro's mental processes

were slow. He stood still to consider, and as he mused, the solemn stillness of the lonely place was broken by a low cry of pain. It was Jan's voice. Among a thousand voices Snorro would have known it. In a few moments he had found Jan, prone upon the cliff edge bleeding from a wound in his side.

He was still sensible and he smiled at Snorro, saying slowly, "Thou must not be sorry. It is best so."

Most fishermen know something of the treatment of a knife wound; Snorro staunched the blood-flow, as well as he was able, and then with gigantic strides went to Peter Fae's. Margaret was spinning beside her baby's cradle, Peter had gone to bed, Thora dozed at the fireside.

The impatience of his knock and voice alarmed the women, but when Margaret heard it was Snorro's voice, she quickly unfastened the door.

"Is the store burning?" she asked angrily, "that thou comest in such hot haste?"

"Thy husband has been murdered Take thou water and brandy, and go as quick as thou canst run to the Troll's Rock. He lies there. I am going for the doctor."

"Why did thou come here, Michael Snorro? Ever art thou a messenger of ill. I will not go."

"Go thou at once, or I will give thee a name thou wilt shudder to hear. I will give it to thee at kirk, or market, or wherever I meet thee."

Snorro fled to the town, almost in uttering the words, and Thora, who had at once risen to get the water and the brandy, put them into her daughter's hands. "There is no time now for talking. I will tell thy father and send him after thee. Shall we have blood on our souls? All of us?"

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Art thou a woman? I tell thee, haste."

"I dare not—oh, my child! I will wake father."

"I command thee to go—this moment."

Then, almost in a passion, Margaret went. The office of mercy had been forced upon her. She had not been permitted to consider her own or her child's interest. No one had thought of her feelings in the matter. When she reached Jan's side she was still indignant at the peremptory way in which she had been treated.

He felt her there, rather than saw her—"*Margaret!*" he said feebly, "*Margaret! At last!*"

"Yes," she answered in bitter anger, "at last. Hast thou called me to see thy shameful end? A name full of disgrace thou leaves to me and to thy son."

"Forgive me—I am sorry. Forgive!"

"I will not forgive thee. No woman injured as I have been, can forgive."

His helplessness did not touch her. Her own wrongs and the wrongs of her child filled her heart. In justifying herself she forgot quite that she had been sent to succour him until help arrived. She was turning away when Jan, in a voice full of misery, uttered one word:

"Water!"

Something womanly in her responded to the pitiful, helpless cry. She went back, and kneeling by his side, put the bottle to his mouth. The touch of his head upon her arm stirred her strangely; ere she let it slip from her hold, he had fainted.

"Oh Jan! Jan! Jan! My husband! My husband! Oh Jan, dear, forgive me! Jan, I am here! It is thy Margaret! I still love thee! Yes, indeed, I love thee!—"

But it was too late. There was no response. She looked in horror and terror at the white face at her feet. Then she fled back to the house for help. Whether her father liked it or not, Jan must now be brought there. In that last moment she had forgiven him every thing. All the love of her betrothal had come like a great wave over her heart. "Poor Jan! Poor Jan!" she sobbed, as she fled like a deer across the moor.

Peter had been roused and had reluctantly dressed himself. In such an hour of extremity he would have to give the wounded man shelter if he were brought there. But he tarried as long as possible, hoping that Snorro would remove Jan and take him into the town. To be roused from sleep to confront such problem of duty was a very unpleasant affair, and Peter was sulkily tying his shoe-strings when Margaret, breathless and sobbing, returned for him.

Her impetuosity and her emotion quite mastered him. She compelled him to go with her to Jan. But when they reached the Troll Rock Jan had disappeared. There was nothing there but the blue sailor's cap which he had worn. No human being was in sight. Any party of relief brought by Snorro could be seen for a mile. Margaret picked up the cap, and gazed at it in a maze of anguish. Only one thing could have happened. During her absence consciousness had returned to Jan, and he, poor soul, remembering her cruel words, and seeing that she had left him there alone to die, had purposely edged himself over the cliff. The sea was twenty feet deep below it. She put her hands before her eyes, and shrieked until the welkin rang with her shrill, piercing cries. Peter could do nothing with her, she would not listen to him, and finally she became so frantically hysterical that he was alarmed for her life and reason, and had little opportunity that night to make any inquiries about his troublesome son-in-law.

Now, when God will help a man, He hath His own messenger. That night, Doctor Balloch sat in the open door of his house. This door was at the end of a little jetty to which his skiff was

tied; and the whole expanse of the beautiful bay was before him. He had read his evening portion, and he sat watching the flickering lights of the changing aurora. The portion had been the Nineteenth Psalm, and he was wishing that the Sweet Singer of Israel, who thought the Judean heavens "declared the glory of God," could have seen the Shetland skies.

Suddenly and peremptorily, a voice encompassed him—a soft penetrating voice, that came like the wind, he knew not how or whence, "Take thy boat and go to the Troll Rock." He rose at once and went to the end of the jetty. He strove to shake off the strange impression, but it grew stronger and more imperative, and he said softly, as if answering some one "I will go."

He returned to the house and called his servant Hamish. "Untie the boat, Hamish. We are going for a row. We will go as far as Troll Rock."

This rock projected over the sea which flowed into a large cave under it; a cave which had long been a favourite hiding place for smuggled cargoes. But when the minister reached it, all was silence. Hamish looked at his master curiously. What could he mean by resting on his oars and watching so desolate and dangerous a place? Very soon both were aware of a human voice; the confused, passionate echoes of Margaret's above them; and these had not long ceased when Jan Vedder fell from the rock into the water.

"This man is to be saved, Hamish; it is what we have come for." Hamish quietly slipped into the water, and when Jan, speechless and insensible, rose to the surface, he caught him with one arm and swam with him to the boat. In another moment he was in the bottom of it, and when he came to himself his wound had been dressed, and he was in the minister's own bed.

"Now, thou wilt do well enough, Jan, only thou must keep quiet body and mind."

"Tell no one I am here. Thou wilt do that for me? Yes, thou wilt. Let them think I am at the botton of the Troll Rock."

"I will tell no one, Jan. Thou art safe here; be at perfect rest about that matter."

Of course the minister thought Jan had committed some crime. It was natural for every one to suspect Jan of doing wrong. But the fact that he had been sent so obviously to save him was, in the doctor's mind, an evidence of the Divine interest in the youth which he was glad to share. He had been appointed his preserver, and already he had loved him. He fully trusted Hamish, but he thought it well to say to him:

"We will speak to no one of our row to the Troll Rock, Hamish."

"Does Hamish ever talk, master?"

"No, thou art a wise man; but here there is more to guide than I yet understand."

"Look nor word of mine shall hinder it."

For four days the doctor stayed near Jan, and never left his house. "I will be quiet and let the news find me," he thought. It came into the manse kitchen in various forms. Hamish received every version of the story with that grave shake of the head which fits so admirably every requirement of sympathy. "It was all a great pity," was his most lengthy comment; but then Hamish never exceeded half a dozen words on any subject.

On the fourth evening, which was Saturday, Peter Fae sent this message to the minister: "Wilt thou come down to my store for the good of a wretched soul?" It was then getting late, and Peter stood in his shop-door alone. He pointed to Michael Snorro, who sat in a corner on some seal-skins in a stupor of grief.

"He hath neither eaten nor slept since. It is pitiful. Thou knowest he never had too much sense—"

"I know very clever men who are fools, besides Michael Snorro. Go thy ways home. I will do what I can for him—only, it had been kinder had thou sent for me ere this."

He went to Snorro and sat down beside him. "Thou wilt let me speak to thee, Snorro. I come in God's name. Is it Jan?"

"Yes, it is Jan. My Jan, my Jan, my friend! the only one that ever loved me. Jan! Jan! Jan!" He said the last words in an intense whisper. It seemed as if his heart would break with each.

"Is Jan's loss all thy grief, Snorro?"

"Nay, there is more. Hast thou found it out?"

"I think so. Speak to me."

"I dare not speak it."

"It is as sinful to think it. I am thy true friend. I come to comfort thee. Speak to me, Snorro."

Then he lifted his face. It was overspread by an expression of the greatest awe and sorrow:

"It is also my Lord Christ. He hath deceived me. He said to me, whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do. I asked Him always, every hour, to take care of Jan. If I was packing the eggs, or loading the boats, or eating my dinner, my heart was always praying. When Jan was at sea, I asked, 'take care of him,' and when he was at Torr's, I prayed the more, 'dear Lord Christ, take care of him.' I was praying for him that night, *at the very hour he perished.* I can pray no more now. What shall I do?"

"Art thou sure thou prayed for the right thing?"

"He said, 'whatsoever.' Well, then, I took Him at His word. O yes, I believed every word He said. At the last, I thought, He will surely save Jan. I will pray till His time comes. He will not deceive a poor soul like me, for He knows right well that Snorro loves Him."

"And so thou thinkest that Christ Jesus who died for thee hath deceived thee?"

"Well, then, He hath forgotten."

"Nay, nay, Snorro. He never forgets. Behold He has graven thy name upon His hands. Not on the mountains, for they shall depart; not on the sun, for it shall grow dark; not on the skies, for they shall melt with fervent heat; but on *His own hand*, Snorro. Now come with me, and I will show thee whether Lord Christ heard thee praying or not, and I will tell thee how He sent me, His servant always, to answer thy prayer. I tell thee at the end of this thou shalt surely say: 'there hath not failed one word of all His good promise, which He promised.'"

Then he lifted Michael's cap and gave it to him, and they locked the store door, and in silence they walked together to the manse. For a few minutes he left Snorro alone in the study. There was a large picture in it of Christ upon the cross. Michael had never dreamed of such a picture. When the minister came back he found him standing before it with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"Can thou trust Him, Michael?"

"Unto death, sir."

"Come, tread gently. He sleeps."

Wondering and somewhat awestruck, Michael followed the doctor into the room where Jan lay. One swift look from the bed to the smiling face of Jan's saviour was all that Michael needed. He clasped his hands above his head, and fell upon his knees, and when the doctor saw the rapture in his face, he understood the transfiguration, and how this mortal might put on immortality.

CHRIST IS ARISEN.

[BISHOP A. C. COXE, AFTER GOETHE.]

CHRIST is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Out of His prison,
Forth from its portal!
Christ is not sleeping,
Seek Him no longer;
Strong was His keeping,—
Jesus was stronger.

Christ is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Empty His prison,
Broken its portal;
Rising, He giveth
His shroud to the sod;
Risen, He liveth,
And liveth to God.

The Higher Life.

"O Sacred Head Now Wounded."*

O SACRED Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thine only crown ;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine !
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

THE JOY OF EASTER.

It is difficult to realize how great was the Easter joy of the disciples. Our Lord is always the risen Lord. Their Lord had died, and with Him had been buried all their hopes. The great-

*After the celebrated painting by Corregio, in the Dresden Gallery. From Ridpath's Cyclopædia of History.

ness of the joy caused by the resurrection is best shown by the awful gloom from which it lifted them. Their despair had been complete. Faith and hope had died, because the ground of that faith and the substance of that hope lay apparently dead in the tomb. For them the sun had gone down never to rise again. What anguish of despair was in the words: "We trusted it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." When that trust had gone out in darkness it was lamented that, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." The report of the disciples who had gone to verify tidings of His removal, that "Him they saw not," extinguished even the faintly glimmering hope that had been fed by the promise that He would "rise again the third day."

The full proof of His resurrection which they soon received lifted them from the blackness of despair to the highest pitch of exultation and joy. It flashed the full light of the risen sun upon their night. It restored to them the dearly loved Lord, and convinced them of all the truth He had taught. Christ had given incontrovertible proof that He had power over death, and was, therefore, divine. The Christ they had regained when He rose was more than the Christ they had buried. They had given up the Jewish Messiah as lost, but the Saviour of mankind came back to them. They had expected Him to overthrow the Roman dominion, but He overcame a greater foe —He vanquished the terror of the grave and the dominion of evil. The resurrection was to the disciples a pledge and proof that because He lived they should live also; they, therefore, "went forth preaching Jesus and the resurrection."

Though our Easter joy is not the resurrection of a lost hope, it is a sure pledge that Christ will give victory over the world. He who has conquered death and the grave "shall not fail nor be discouraged until He have set judgment in the earth," until every knee shall bow before Him and every "tongue shall confess that Christ is Lord." In the presence of the risen Christ we have no room for pessimism. Bad as the world is because of sin, it shall be redeemed from sin by the sinless Saviour. Because Christ lives we shall live also. His victory is our victory. His resurrection is as much a guarantee to the truth of that in which we have believed as it was to the apostles. We know that if Christ be not risen our faith is vain; "*but*

now *is* Christ risen and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

The disciples were certain that their Lord had risen. Though at first slow of heart to believe, they became thoroughly convinced. Not a doubt lingered in minds that had been most skeptical and desponding. We search in vain through all Scripture for trace of such a doubt. More than fifty years after the resurrection when Paul wrote his masterly argument to prove that because Christ had risen, therefore all men shall be raised from the dead, he assumed that Christ's resurrection had never been doubted by anyone. That conceded fact underlaid his irresistible logic. Our certainty should be equally absolute. Besides the cumulative evidence of centuries of triumph by our risen Lord, we can have personal experience of His saving power. That experience is as conclusive proof that the Lord is risen as was the ocular, tangible evidence given to the disciples. If we have this experience, our Easter joy and our certainty should be as great as theirs. The consciousness of the indwelling Spirit is incontrovertible proof that Christ rose and that, therefore, we shall rise also.—*Selected.*

"ROLL AWAY THE STONE."

So, while the grasses are springing fresh in the fields and on the lawns, and the buds are swelling and the flowers are opening, and the forests are using the subtle chemistry of light and warmth and April showers, and softened earth, to recreate a waving foliage, and the birds are coming back to sport and sing on every branch, as all nature is rejoicing, it may well be ours to roll back every stone, and let the Christ, too deeply buried, we may be sure, in the unbelief and coldness of our hearts, come forth into newness of life. At the glad Christmas time we think not only of how He, the Son of God, came to us, clad in the robes of flesh, to be at once our Brother and our Redeemer, but we think how, in every human soul, this same Son of God, with His light, and purity, and love, and joy, ought to have re-incarnation, so that He may be seen walking still among men and in men. At this glad Easter time it is well for us to think not only of that far-back morning which was lighted up for all the world when the divine Sleeper arose and came forth because there was no power in the grave to hold

Him, but of the many ways also in which He can come into new resurrection in us. He wants to rise in us, and be our life. Let Him come forth. Roll away the stone of doubt. Roll away the stone of indifference. It is not good—it is infinitely bad—to have the possible Christ who might be in us, making and keeping us forever, ennobling our thoughts and our lives, inspiring us with sublime hopes, and filling us with great joys, sepulchral in our souls, and this stone against the door sealed with selfishness and scorn. Roll away the stone.—*Dr. F. A. Noble.*

Easter Thoughts.

This is the career of the Christian—from blindness to the beatific vision of Christ in heaven, an illuminated highway of certainties from beginning to end. Let us accept these certainties and by their sustaining and quickening power move along this highway until we awake satisfied in His likeness.—*Dr. Arthur Little.*

The resurrection is only the to-morrow morning of death, and when we think of the grave, we should do so as in the happy days of our childhood we thought of our bed when we retired to it for the night, expecting an elder brother to call us in the morning and take us with him on a pleasant excursion.—*Dr. Wm. M. Taylor.*

Not only Easter Sabbath, but every Lord's-day reminds us that for centuries the purest hearts and finest intellects of the civilized world have found it reasonable to cling to a risen Christ as to a surely attested Redeemer, and to look through His grave as through an open door into the realities and joys of an immortal existence.—*Christian at Work.*

Pressing Forward.

Let us all, at the opening of this new year, press forward. The history of our past lives has already been made—that of the future has yet to be fulfilled. God wants that record to be bright and worthy of Himself. He ever invites us—never more earnestly than now—to seek a more complete union with His Son; to acquire an increasing love for His holy Word; to enjoy the full baptism of His Spirit; to attain a perpetual peace that "passeth understanding;" and, more and more, to walk in that charity which is "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy

Ghost." We should be like the apostle: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before;" in a spiritual sense "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and going on unto perfection."

But this is by no means all. Genuine spiritual growth implies holy activities. We are to press forward into abundant harvests, thrusting in the sickle, gathering the golden sheaves. It must not be a year of waiting; opportunities, never before so inviting, will open before us daily. "Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields already white." The Master will show us from day to day just the work He would have us do. He will lead us to the hovel, and tell us to relieve gloomy want. He will give us unmistakable power over children—the sign to us of blessed service and the promise of gracious help. He will place us in the midst of cheerless unbelief, where our testimony—most of all, our consistent life—will honour His truth. He will give us commissions far more in number than we can possibly fill if we trust to our own wisdom and strength. He will burden our souls with holy prayer—prayer for the pastor of the flock; prayer for the backslider; prayer for the tempted and afflicted soul; prayer for the salvation of the unsaved. Press forward, then, O ye hitherto faint-hearted souls. Summon courage. What though Satan whisper that "lions shall be in the way," that unexpected providences shall cover the sky with darkness before the new year shall close? "Forward!" be the watchword.

CONSECRATION.

BY S. M. M.

From ether depths Thy voice I hear,
Will sacrifice Thy wealth increase?
All earth is Thine, yea heaven itself,
And all that passeth thro' the seas.

Broad as the star-lit dome above;
Deep as the dark and soundless sea;
Thy love, immutable appears,
Thou, Lord, bestowest *all* on me.

Within Thy temple's sacred vail,
I yield Thee, Lord, with olden tithes,
My heart, my gifts, my life, my all,
And leave them there, my sacrifice.

THE PREMILLENARIAN THEORY, OR CHILIASM.

BY THE REV. JOHN LAING, D.D.

II.

THE Jews, or Israel, and their restoration is another main feature of the Chiliast theory. According to the theory it is contended, that as the prophecies concerning Israel after the flesh and the Messiah have been literally fulfilled, in the coming of the Son of God in the flesh, and in the scattering of Israel and the destruction of the holy city and its being trodden down by the Gentiles, so the prophecies concerning Israel are to be interpreted as applied to Israel in the flesh, to the coming again of Messiah in the body, to the restoration of Israel as a people, to the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and the reign of Messiah "here on the earth, on the throne of His father David." My first objection here is to this "literalism" in interpreting prophecy. The promises are not made to Israel in the flesh, but to Israel as the people of God, so long as they keep God's covenant. "He is not a Jew" (in the sense of an heir of the promise) "who is one outwardly" (Rom. ii. 28). "They are not all Israel who are of Israel, neither because they are the seed of Abraham are they all children" (Rom. ix. 6), but "they who are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham . . . are blessed with faithful Abraham. . . . If ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed and *heirs according to the promise*" (Gal. iii. 7, 9, 29). We may not, therefore, confine the glorious promises to the literal Israel. But if promises must be taken literally, then in the glorious time to come (the Chiliast millennium), not Jesus of Nazareth in His glorified body, but David, the Son of Jesse, is to be the King, reigning in Jerusalem (Jer. xxx. 9). "They shall serve the Lord their God, and *David their king*, whom I will raise up unto them;" and (Hosea iii. 5) "afterwards the children of Israel shall return and seek the Lord their God, and *David their king;* and shall fear the Lord and His goodness *in the latter days*." Why palter with Scripture? Why insist on a literal Israel, but not on a literal David; a literal people, but not a literal person? Why say David means Jesus, and deny that Israel means God's true covenant people, whether Jew or Gentile?

Not to dwell on this, the Chiliast's interpretation restricts the blessings promised and the coming glory to the *unbelieving portion* of the descendants of Israel. The blessings are reserved, we are told, for those who still reject King Jesus, and approve of His execution as a deceiver. Those who, on account of unbelief, have been cast out and are under the curse of God, are the special objects of His love, to the *exclusion* of the descendants of the "faithful remnant" who have accepted of Jesus and God's salvation. These latter, and their children, are no longer Jews but Christians, and therefore shut out from Israel's good. Can we believe this:

that because they became Christ's followers, and suffered for His sake, they are to lose thereby and that when He comes again to restore the unbelieving Jews that persecuted them, He will set them to reign over the nations which have obeyed the Gospel? It cannot be. Whatever of good the future may bring to men, that portion of the race which contains the true Israel of God—the loyal subjects of King Jesus—cannot be excluded or awarded a lower place than that given to unbelieving Jews. But Israel is to be restored. Yes. To what, then? Jews may leave the influential positions they now occupy, in America and Europe, to go and live in Canaan. Jerusalem may be rebuilt, and not an enterprising American or ubiquitous Scotchman be found among its inhabitants. The land of Canaan may again be possessed by the natural descendants of Jacob, without any intermixture of Gentile or alien. These things may or may not come to pass; they are small matters concerning which it is futile to express an opinion. There is, however, a restoration for Israel in the New Testament, as well as in the Old (Romans xi.), a restoration to the privileges of the Abrahamic covenant, from which the Jews now exclude themselves by unbelief; which privileges are a common inheritance of Jew and Gentile who believe all alike. In other words, Israel shall be restored to the Church of God. The olive tree has now branches of Abrahamic descent which, because they received the Messiah, were never broken off; it has, also, branches of Gentile descent, which by faith in Christ were grafted in among the original branches. Such is the Christian Church under the dispensation of the Spirit. And there are other branches of Abrahamic descent which once were in the olive tree, but "were broken off through unbelief." These are Israel according to the flesh. And they also, "*if they continue not in unbelief*, shall be grafted in again," be restored to the Church of God, and form a part of it in the coming glorious future. Thus all the true Israel shall be saved in Christ Jesus. But mark well the condition—"if they continue not in unbelief"—that is, when they believe on Jesus as the Christ, whom they now reject. When they do this, they become Christians, and are no longer Jews. What a glorious prospect! "The receiving of them shall be as life from the dead." The Church shall then experience a great revival, a very resurrection (Ezekiel xxxvii.), as the result of the conversion of the Jews, and the consecration of their great wealth, pre-eminent gifts, and extraordinary talents to the service of Christ Jesus our Lord.

When, however, Chiliasts speak of a restoration of Israel in unbelief, we feel that they speak of something contrary to the terms of God's covenant, which always conditions the blessing on obedience. It is expressly stated in the Mosaic covenant, that removal from the land was to be a punishment; and it is promised that if, when thus accursed and scattered among the nations, they should "return to the Lord and obey His voice,"—in other words, repent of their sin, they should be restored. But where is there a promise of mercy or blessing to those who are the descendants of "the murderers" of the Just One (Acts vii. 52) while they continue impenitent? When, again, they tell us (as some do) of a temple rebuilt, sacrifice re-

established, the Aaronic priesthood restored, Jewish worship again celebrated, they seem to contradict alike the spirit and the letter of the New Testament. Is not this a falling away from Christ? A going back to the weak and beggarly elements of Judaism a resuscitation of what was done away in Christ—a reinstitution of things which eighteen hundred years ago were described by the Holy Spirit as "becoming old, waxing aged, and well-nigh unto vanishing" (Heb. viii. 13), and which since the destruction of Jerusalem have had no existence? The antitype has come, the type can be no more; the good things have come—the substance, the imperfect shadows, must disappear. The believer is God's temple; Christ is the only priest; His death, never to be repeated, is the only sacrifice; nor can any worship that ignores these truths have God's approval; it must be anti-Christian.

Next I come to the First Resurrection—Chiliasts speak of a first and a second resurrection. The Bible never mentions a second; and only in John v. 28 is there a reference to two resurrections. Yet the idea of a first resurrection of saints and a second of the rest of mankind, is a main prop of Chiliasm. Turn now to Rev. xx. 5, "This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." On this slight basis is reared the whole idea of two resurrections, with a thousand years between them. More fully stated, the doctrine is: "The bodies of all who believe in Christ between the first and second advent shall be raised from the dead, or be changed when Christ comes. This is the first resurrection." Does the passage say anything like this? Let us see. It tells of a "second death." We know what spiritual death is, and what natural death is. Here we are told of "a second death," viz., being cast into the lake of fire, and (v. 15) that every one not found written in the book of life dies that death. A man has died, and, as represented in verse 13, he is "given up" for judgment, that is, he rises from the dead; then he dies the second death. Is there a second resurrection? It is true that verse 5 says "the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years should be finished," but does that teach a resurrection of the body? No; for it further says, "when they are finished, Satan shall be loosed again;" and then follows a description of what these enemies of God, when they live again, can do in opposing His Church. Note well how admirably the description corresponds as over against verses 4 and 6. Souls of them who had been beheaded for the witness of Jesus "lived" and reigned. Surely that means, were active, happy and honoured along with Christ in His ruling over men. But how can it mean that bodies of dead men rise again, either in the case of the saints or God's enemies? The living and active energy of both has shown itself before "the sea and death and hell give up their dead," before the resurrection of the body. Are the nations of men who compass the holy city those who have passed through the second resurrection? If not, the resurrection of verse 12 is not the same as the "living again" of the rest of the dead of verse 5; and therefore verse 5 is not the second resurrection, so called, of the wicked dead at the close of the millennium. Thus Rev. xx. does not teach two resurrections of the body, but two livings again of souls. And the first living of Christ's witnesses is called the first resurrec-

tion, so the second living again would be the second resurrection. But it is of God's enemies. Those who have part in the first resurrection of God's witnesses are delivered from the second death; but His enemies die the second death. After the living of saints for a thousand years Satan is loosed for "a little season," and after the living again of God's enemies, the nations are deceived, and they assault "the camp of the saints and the beloved city." Then they are destroyed by fire from heaven. After all this comes the judgment of the dead. "Small and great" are seen before the throne, and in connection with the judgment comes the resurrection of the dead, for the first time; then the second death for God's enemies, while those who had part in witnessing for Christ and reigning with Him are delivered; "the second death hath no power over them." So much for Rev. xx.

Turn we now to John v. 25. Here we read, "The hour is coming, yea, now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." Not rise again in their body, but live to God, awake to righteousness (1 Cor. xv. 34; Eph. v. 14). This is the only possible meaning as applied to "the hour," then present, of Christ's ministry. Next, in verse 28, we have another resurrection of "all that are in the tombs, who come forth, both those who have done good and those who have done evil." To the former it is a "resurrection of life," or the second death shall have no power over them. To the latter it is a "resurrection of judgment," they shall die the second death. This, like Rev. xx. 13, is a general resurrection of all the dead, both good and bad, immediately connected with judgment.

These two are the only passages in the Bible that can be made to favour the idea of two resurrections. But neither of them speaks of a resurrection of the bodies of saints separately from those of the rest of mankind. Both teach a general resurrection, and both speak of saints living spiritually by the power of Christ. Does this examination establish the Chiliast doctrine? I think not. But these passages favour the common view.

I am not overlooking 1 Thess. iv. 16 and 1 Cor. xv. 23. Regarding these passages, I heartily agree with Chiliasts that they treat exclusively of the resurrection of God's people, and in nowise apply to the wicked. They therefore cannot teach two resurrections. And although an attempt is made to force Dan. xii. 2 into the service, it is in vain. For as Dr. West, a Chiliast, says: "This passage of God's Word does not teach the resurrection of the wicked, nor even imply it." On the whole, then, I conclude that the Christian doctrine of a First Resurrection and rapture of the saints bodily at the coming of the Lord, and a second resurrection of the wicked after a thousand years, is without Scripture warrant.

One thing more. What is the kingdom of God? Chiliasts answer: "As really as in literal fulfilment of prophecy Christ died on this earth, He will certainly reign on this earth, over the Jews, for one thousand years at least, and the Gentiles over this entire earth shall submit to His authority, those who refuse being broken in pieces." Thus is a literal kingdom "of this world" defined as the kingdom of God. What saith the Scripture? Is it thus that the great God rules in and over men?

God was King in Israel before there was a kingdom organized under Saul, David, and Solomon. Kingdom, or the estate of a king, means supreme rule; and God ruled and had His kingdom before David was His chosen representative over His chosen people. Nay, the asking for a king "like to the kings of the nations around them" was denounced by the prophet Samuel as "rejecting" God for king—as a sin. By God's appointment, both in Israel and Judah men reigned as kings until the time of the captivity. After that, although there was no human king, God still reigned over them. In the fulness of time Jesus was born "King of the Jews"—the rightful King, the heir of all things. Jesus, however, was never literally *de facto* King of the Jews in the same sense as Herod was. Herod held the Chiliast error, and sought to kill the Prince of Life, thinking that Jesus would be a rival who would set up a literal throne in Jerusalem. Pilate's common sense kept him from the Chiliast error. In the poor prisoner that stood with conscious dignity before the judgment-seat, he felt a royal power; but he could not see in Him a rival to Cæsar. The kingdom, the rule of Christ, is different in kind from that of David, or Herod, or Cæsar. The Son of God is the real King. David was but a type of Him, and David's kingdom but a type of God's kingdom. When, then, the real King came and set up God's real kingdom on earth, He made an end of the types.

Daniel said (chap. ii. 44), "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed." Alongside of worldly kingdoms rises the kingdom of God and fills the earth. Also, in chap. vii 13, 27, He foretells that "dominion and glory and a kingdom" shall be given to the Son of Man. John the Baptist proclaimed "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and Jesus said, "I am a King, but My kingdom is not of this world . . . . it is within you, or among you." The kingdom, then, is not something in the far future, but something which was realized when the Son of God was dwelling among us on earth. Jesus' kingdom now exists. He reigns now by the Spirit, through the truth in the hearts of men, and controls to some extent His enemies. That kingdom is coming more and more, and will continue to increase in power until every enemy is put under Christ's feet, and "the saints of the Most High" have the dominion. This is clearly the teaching of Jesus. (See particularly Matt xiii. 41–43). At the end of the age, He tells us, the wicked shall be gathered, like tares, out from "His kingdom," and "then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Mark well the language. The kingdom is like a mixture of tares and wheat, as it now exists; but out of it, by and by, shall be cast everything that offends, and those who do iniquity. Then shall the righteous shine in the kingdom. It is not said, as a certain prominent Chiliast, soon to have a place among us, puts it, "at the time of the harvest, 'the end of the age,' the returning Son of Man 'shall send forth His angels, and gather the wheat into His garner, ... and *then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.*'" (The italics are in the book.) This makes way for the rapture of the saints from among the wicked, and the formation of a kingdom under the Lord in His bodily presence. But it is the very opposite of Christ's teaching. He says that out of His kingdom the *wicked*

shall be taken. That which remains will not be a new kingdom, but the present kingdom purified and perfected. We do no more than point out the above perversion of Scripture. Such a lapsus by a man of learning and piety only shows how carefully every statement of peculiar import should be examined, even although the writer puts in a claim of special illumination, and says of others, "Strange, strange indeed, that Christian men cannot all see this!"

The parable of the net repeats the illustration, and tells us that while the kingdom, like a net, takes of all kinds, good and bad, at the end of the age "the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just," not catch up by an invisible rapture the saints from among the wicked.

Such, then, is God's kingdom—the rule of a Holy Being over moral beings, not by violence and carnal instrumentalities but by reason and conscience, in truth, righteousness, and love. King Jesus sways the hearts of men, and secures a willing obedience from loving subjects. The rebels within His kingdom must submit or perish. But a temporal kingdom, with Jerusalem for its capital, Jews for its rulers, and Gentiles for its subjects, is a poor substitute for the kingdom of God with its spiritual glory.

To conclude. The whole spirit of Chiliasm is Judaizing in tendency and flatly opposed to the tenor of such Scriptures as the Epistle to the Hebrews. Those who are under its charms cannot apprehend the spiritual element in the various dispensations and unity of God's kingdom. They are so pleased with the shell that they never reach the kernel. They soon put themselves out of sympathy with other Christians, and very often drift out of the Churches, which are animated by the hope of the coming kingdom, and are aiming at the subjection of the world to Christ and the glory of God in a new heaven and new earth wherein dwells righteousness.

DUNDAS, Ont.

EASTER CAROL.

SPRING bursts to-day,
For Christ has risen, and all the earth's at play.
Flash forth, thou sun,
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.
Winter is past,
Sweet spring is come at last, is come at last.
Bud, fig and vine
And olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.
Break forth this morn
In roses, though but yesterday a thorn.
Uplift thy head,
O pure white lily, through the winter dead.
All herds and flocks
Rejoice, all beasts of thickets and of rocks.
Sing, creatures, sing,
Angels and men and birds and everything.

Current Topics and Events.

Capital and Labour.

These words are now-a-days in every one's mouth. It is often assumed that these great forces are necessarily opposed. The air is full of conflicting social theories. From all parts of the world there come reports of strikes and lock-outs, and strained relations of employer and employed. In the city of Toronto, much as we boast of its intelligence and morality, much bitterness of spirit and ill-will and sense of wrong and injury have been created by these industrial conflicts. In most of those conflicts the sympathies of the community, we think, are largely with the working-men, because they and their wives and little ones feel most the pinchings of hunger and cold and penury which follow a prolonged strike or lock-out. One thing is evident, that these extreme measures are a clumsy and ineffective means of improving the condition of the working-man They constitute, as a matter-of-fact, a sort of civil war, and are attended with the social estrangement and ill-will which war produces. It is apparent that some better means of getting these difficulties adjusted should be devised. Such a method, we think, may be found in the principle of arbitration. It is generally by this means that strikes are ended after they have run their baneful course. Why not endeavour by these means to altogether prevent their occurring? It will be much easier to placate disputes at their beginning than it will be after evil passions are aroused and a whole community is drawn into the controversy, and heated feelings take the place of calm judgment. A court of arbitration, composed of men of high character, in which the interests of both capital and labour should be intelligently represented, would surely in most cases secure an amicable settlement of matters in dispute.

It is often thought that the interests of capital are directly opposed to those of labour, that from the expensive plant, material, machinery, and factories of the capitalist he alone derives advantage. This is not so, as John Stuart Mill has clearly shown in his essay on Socialism. "When a capitalist," he says, "invests £20,000 in his business, and draws from it an income of, say, £2,000 a-year, the common impression is as if he were the beneficial owner both of the £20,000 and of the £2,000, while the labourers own nothing but their wages. The truth, however, is, that he only obtains the £2,000 on condition of applying no part of the £20,000 to his own use. For all personal purposes his employees have the capital and he has but the profits, which it only yields him on condition that the capital itself is employed in satisfying not his own wants but those of labourers." And a part of this £2,000 profit is payment for the employer's skill and industry in accumulating the capital and in superintending its profitable employment.

"The produce of the world," continues Mill, "could not attain anything like its present amount, nor support anything like the present number of inhabitants, except on two conditions: abundant and costly machinery and other instruments of production; and the power of undertaking long operations and waiting a considerable time for their fruits."

Moreover, in a very striking sense the strength or skill of the workman is his capital. To the man who earns a dollar a-day for 300 days in the year, it is equivalent to $5,000 at six per cent. To the man who earns $2 a-day, his skill is equal to $10,000 capital. The higher income of the skilled mechanic or professional man is the interest on a greater sum, because it has taken him a longer time, and has cost more, to acquire that skill.

So capital and labour are the two

pillars of the commonwealth. Each is as necessary as the other, and there should be no strife between them. Nor will there be in the higher Christian civilization of the future when the golden rule will everywhere prevail, and with the universal fatherhood of God shall be everywhere recognized the universal brotherhood of man—when upon every industry and enterprise of the age shall be written "Holiness to the Lord"—when all men shall be bound in the bonds of love and good will, when rich and poor shall meet together and feel that God is the Maker of them all, and that one is their Master, even Christ the Lord.

Mission Adjustments.

The recommendation suggested by the Committee of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, during its recent meeting at Ottawa, for the preventing of needless expense in maintaining separate missions in small communities seems to us eminently reasonable. And, apparently, it so seemed to both the Montreal Conference and to the Presbyterian General Assembly; for the preliminary resolutions on which the recommendation was based were carried in both bodies by very large majorities. The resolution of the Montreal Conference recommends an arrangement "by which the consolidation of the forces of our common Protestantism may be effected and our resources husbanded for the more economical and, at the same time, more extended prosecution of the work of God among the people residing in those sections of our Dominion where the denominations there represented are not able separately to support the ministry among them." We are informed that this resolution passed the Conference by a seven-eighths majority and that a similar resolution was almost unanimously passed by the Presbyterian General Assembly.

This principle is now, we think, universally recognized in the foreign mission field. It is an understood arrangement that Churches shall not "overlap" each other's work in the prosecution of their respective missionary enterprises. To the home mission work of the Province of Quebec we think the same principle applies. In the face of a colossal and aggressive system of Romanism, which is everywhere seeking to crowd out our common Protestantism, and which in too many cases is succeeding in so doing, is it not wise to husband our resources and combine our efforts for its defence? It is not intended, of course, that any coercion should be exercised. We presume the legislation sought is to be permissive only. Where the people of a community are desirous that this consolidation and strengthening of interests should take place, they are to be allowed to carry it into effect. A writer in the *Canada Presbyterian* points out circumstances where, without doing any violence to denominational sympathies, this could be done. He refers to neighbourhoods where Presbyterian churches within two or three miles of each other are needlessly multiplied, while Methodist services are equally plentiful, in one case the two denominations occupying alternately the same building. It will be no hardship for those who insist upon attending the services of their respective Churches, to ride a mile or two further to enjoy them instead of drawing upon the missionary funds of those Churches, contributed for the sending of the Gospel to those who have it not, for the purpose of maintaining a duplicate series of services in the same building or same hamlet, when one series will meet every reasonable requirement. Of course, where people cannot agree to thus unite for the worship of God they must continue separate; but we are persuaded that, in view of the many advantages of union of effort in isolated and sparsely settled communities, piety and common sense will lead in many cases to such a consolidation of resources as is by this plan sought to be made possible.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The annual income raised for home missions is nearly $190,000 exclusive of all other funds. One-third of the circuits receive financial aid from this fund. In the east of London, mainly on home mission work, upwards of $500,000 have been spent in twenty years.

Since 1861, fifty-six large chapels have been built in London, capable of accommodating sixty-six thousand people ; the total cost of which is nearly $3,100,000, towards which sum the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund contributed $850,000. During the period mentioned the Episcopal Church has increased its accommodation at the rate of sixty-five per cent.; the Roman Catholics one hundred and thirty-five per cent.; the Congregationalists, sixty per cent.; the Presbyterians, seventy-three per cent.; the other Methodist bodies one hundred and ninety-six per cent.; and the Wesleyan Methodists one hundred and eighteen per cent.

There were thirty Methodist candidates for Parliament during the recent election in England, twenty-three of whom were elected. One of them is Joseph Arch, a Primitive Methodist local preacher, who visited Canada a few years ago. He is a fluent speaker. Most of the others learned to speak in public by reason of being called to the position of local preachers.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

It is reported that three bishops will be elected at the approaching General Conference, to be held at Richmond, Va.

There will be one hundred and thirty-four clerical and an equal number of lay delegates at the General Conference, making in all two hundred and sixty-eight. The increase in the membership of the Church during 1865 was fifty thousand.

Vanderbilt University has received from the executors of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt the $200,000 bequeathed by him.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Taylor asks for fifteen or twenty more men and women for his self-supporting work in Africa, and $10,000 for their transit. The bishop was desirous to establish at least one self-sustaining mission station on the industrial-school plan, to be a model of others to be established in future years. He has no doubt but that he can plant a great number of such schools if he can only secure the services of suitable men.

Bishop Bowman says that he has held Methodist Conferences in every State and Territory in the Union, as well as in China, India, Japan and several other foreign countries.

The agents of the Book Concern in New York report the sale of books and periodicals for the year ending November 30, 1885, exceeded $1,000,000. This is the first time such a figure has been reached ; the amount exceeds that of last year by $100,000.

The Methodist Church.

Since our last issue, Palmerston church has been destroyed by fire ; this is the third Methodist church which has been burnt this year.

New churches have been dedicated at the following places: Norwich, which cost, we believe, more than $10,000, the whole being covered by subscriptions and collections ; Port Perry, costing $12,500, more than $9,000 of which has been paid or provided for ; Brampton, costing $30,000, all of which has

been paid or provided for except about $9,000.

A movement has been inaugurated in some places which we greatly admire, viz., instead of holding tea meetings at the anniversary of churches, intimation is given a few Sabbaths previous for a cash collection to be made on a given Sabbath. Some large collections have thus been taken; the most recent and largest of which we have heard was taken at Guelph, in Dublin Street Church, of which Dr. Griffin is pastor. He called for $3,000 and the people gave $3,546.25.

It is most gratifying to read of the successful evangelistic efforts that are now being made throughout Christendom. Our readers will rejoice with us that while Moody and Sankey, Sam Jones and others are making great inroads on Satan's kingdom, Canada is not forgotten. Queen Street Church, Toronto, was visited by the Rev. David Savage and his band, assisted by the Rev. Charles Fish, and more than four hundred professed conversion. Great St. James Street Church, Montreal, has also been favoured with showers of blessing. The pastor, Rev. John Philp, M.A., was assisted by the White Brothers, and more than two hundred conversions resulted. The columns of the *Christian Guardian* and the *Wesleyan* contain numerous items of revivals in all the Conferences.

Some portions of Montreal Conference include territory where the Protestant population is very small, hence there is not much probability that any one of the Churches can succeed in becoming independent of help from some mission fund. This state of things has often been the subject of earnest conversation, and at the last meeting of the said Conference, a committee was appointed with power to confer with other committees of other Churches, so that, if possible, there might be a consolidation of the Protestant forces, and thus save a great amount of labour and expense which is now incurred in building up rival denominations.

It would seem that some Presbyterian ministers and laity held similar views on this subject as were entertained by our brethren of the Montreal Conference, hence the Brockville Presbytery sent an overture to the General Assembly of 1885, which so far favoured the scheme that a committee was appointed to confer with the committee of Montreal Conference, and any committee appointed by any other Church.

These committees met jointly at Knox Church, Ottawa, on the 2nd of February, 1886, and engaged in free and friendly discussion on the important question assigned them. To bring about such an amicable arrangement, as that one denomination will relinquish a given locality in favour of the other will, no doubt, be difficult, but we feel sure that the joint committee will carefully ponder the subject, and if possible will arrive at such a conclusion as may meet the approval of the majority in both Churches.

We have not seen any official report of the action of the committee, but we understand that the report, which will be prepared to be presented to the official courts of the respective Churches, will contain such suggestions which, if acted upon, will not compromise either of the denominations, and will tend greatly to accomplish the end prayed for by Christ, "that they all may be one."

News from the distant fields is very gratifying. Dr. Cochran writes from Japan that the school over which he presides is prospering, "every dormitory is packed, with over eighty boarders besides seventy day scholars." He also has a class of sixty boys who are studying English.

A letter has also been received from Miss Spencer, detailing at great length "Woman's Work" in Japan, which will repay a careful perusal. Miss Cartmell has been compelled to rest, as she has been quite ill from excessive labour. The

school with which Miss Spencer is connected is in a flourishing condition, and needs addition to the teaching staff. Miss Spencer feels confident that the Educational Department of the mission is a powerful auxiliary for furthering the work of the Church. We recommend our readers to subscribe for the *Missionary Outlook*, which contains extensive correspondence from all parts of the mission-field.

The Rev. John Macdougall has made an extensive tour in the Saskatchewan District. He has seen many of the places which were the scenes of strife during the late rebellion. He found the mission premises at Woodville much injured, but the heroic mission family, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, pursuing their holy work, which was suspended during the hostilities, when they were truly in jeopardy. The mission house at Battle River was completely sacked. Mr. and Mrs. Glass just made their escape in time. Mr. Macdougall interposed on behalf of some of the poor Indians who had recently been arrested, and by his friendly interposition some were set at liberty who had been unjustly imprisoned.

The Rev. J. A. McLachlan writes from Victoria and states that the loyalty of the Methodist members greatly aided the friends of order during the rebellion. Their good conduct is highly commended. One of the chiefs told him that "it was the teaching of your missionary, the sainted Steinhauer, that held him back from joining the rebels."

The Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., and A. Green, who are now enjoying a missionary furlough, are doing a good work in visiting the churches in the Dominion and telling what the Lord has done in Japan and British Columbia. Appearances indicate that the missionary income in all the Conferences will be in advance of last year.

The Death Roll.

John B. Gough, probably the best known temperance advocate in the world, was stricken with a fit of apoplexy while lecturing in Philadelphia, and died two days afterwards, February 18th. The last words which he was heard to repeat as he fell on the platform deserve to be engraven on the memory of all young persons: "Young man, make your record clean." Mr. Gough was born in England in 1817, and at an early period of life he became a drunkard. When twelve years of age his father removed with his family to America and settled in New York. John was apprenticed to a bookbinder and worked for some years in the Methodist Book Concern. As he grew to manhood he became exceedingly dissipated. Probably few ever sunk so low to rise again. His talents as a mimic drew him into the worst society, and even after he entered the marriage state he was a confirmed inebriate. His wife died of a broken heart. He was induced to sign the total abstinence pledge. Happily he not only became a total abstainer, but also a Christian. Henceforth his career was one of the most honourable and successful. He was soon called to speak in public. In 1842 he began his life-work in New England, by delivering temperance lectures at seventy-five cents per night. Before a year had expired he secured $5 per lecture. During the first year that he was in the lecture field he spoke three hundred and eighty-six times, and in two years thirty-one thousand seven hundred persons signed the pledge under his advocacy. His fame extended throughout the United States and Canada. He also spent some years in England. It is believed that he delivered more than eight thousand five hundred and sixty-seven lectures and travelled more than a million of miles. Over one million copies of his lectures, and more than one hundred thousand copies of his autobiography have been sold. He made his home at Worcester, Mass., where he lived in great comfort and was a pillar in the Congregational Church of that place. His memory is precious to thousands, and we doubt not the Master has said, "Well done."

The Rev. Richey Bird, of the Nova Scotia Conference, departed this life at Wentworth, N.S., Sept. 24th, 1885. During his ministerial career he laboured with great acceptability on several circuits, but in 1879 he was obliged to leave the "active work" on account of ill health, since which period he sustained a superannuated relation, but assisted his brethren on circuits as much as his strength would allow. He was a man greatly beloved, especially by his brethren in the ministry. During his illness he manifested great resignation, and suffered with great meekness. He left a widow and two children to mourn his removal from earth.

The Rev. Cephas Bennett was a native of New York State. He left his native land in 1829 and embarked for India, where he laboured until the Master called him home. He was a member of the Decennial Conference in 1882, when he was a venerable patriarch of eighty-two years. One who was present said "that his venerable form was one of the inspirations of the Conference." He was Superintendent of the Baptist Mission press at Rangoon. He printed the Scriptures in five different tongues, not one of which ever had a word set up in type before. He died early in 1886.

English Methodism has suffered great loss by the death of some distinguished laymen; foremost among the number was T. Percival Bunting, Esq., son of the late revered Doctor Bunting. Like his honoured father, he was a leader of men. For many years he took an active part in all the great movements of Methodism. For about a quarter of a century he was the legal adviser of the Wesleyan Conference. He was Secretary of the Centenary Fund in 1839, and was the main originator of the Thanksgiving Fund by which $1,500,000 was secured for Connexional purposes.

Miss Margaret Heald, an elect lady, has also gone to her reward. Her last will and testament contains instructions for the payment of more than $500,000 to various charitable institutions, more than $40,000 of which are for purely Wesleyan Methodist funds.

Bishop Anderson, formerly bishop in Rupert's Land, recently died in England at the age of seventy-one. When he resided in Rupert's Land he was so isolated that he could only receive letters from England twice a year.

Book Notices.

Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan. (The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations, drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery, of the Holy Land.) By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D., forty-five years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. 8vo, Illustrated, pp. xxxiv, 711. New York: Harper and Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $7.00.

It has been well said that the best commentary on the Bible is the Land of the Bible. Hence Renan calls Palestine a fifth Gospel. A thousand side-lights are thrown upon the sacred page by the immemorial and unchanging customs of the Holy Land. This land possesses a perennial interest to every Christian mind. How thrilling are the associations of

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

Of the many books on Palestine,

none have met with such marked success and deserved popularity as Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book." Since its first appearance, twenty-seven years ago, it has run through many editions and has had an immense sale. But no previous edition will compare with its magnificent re-issue—in three stately octavos, sumptuously illustrated—by the Harper Brothers. This is practically a new book, re-written and with all the discoveries and researches of recent travellers and of the British and American Palestine Exploration Societies incorporated. Yet the conversational charm and direct personal interest of the original narrative is maintained, and its copious illustration of the identity of usage of ancient and modern Oriental life.

The volume under review contains more of novel interest than either of the preceding ones, because it describes a region with which we are far less familiar—Cœlesyria, Anti-Lebanon, Damascus, Bashan, Gilead, the "land beyond Jordan," and the rugged land of Moab. Of this region much less is known than of Palestine proper ; and the authentic information of this book gives it a greatly enhanced value.

Dr. Thomson was for many years a missionary at Beirut, and has traversed repeatedly, as have few travellers, the region which he describes. To his keen powers of observation he adds a vividness of description and piquancy of narrative that make his books very charming and instructive reading.

In the present volume, setting out from Sidon he proceeds north to Beirut, explores the entire Lebanon region, visits the famous Baalbek, with its marvellous architecture, and Damascus, "the eye of the East," and then returns southward through the wild country east of the Jordan as far as Jericho, studying minutely the Biblical associations and illustrations with which the whole region is rife.

One of the most conspicuous features of the book is number and variety and excellence of its engravings. These are drawn from photographs of the living object or natural scene, and strike one not so much as a representation as a reality. One feels like exclaiming with Hamlet, as he gazes on the "counterfeit presentment" of his sire—"*Seems*, madam! nay, it *is!*" Of these engravings, many of them full-page, there are no less than 145, with two large folding maps. Much as we may long to visit those sacred scenes most of us must be content with the descriptions of others. For stay-at-home travellers we know of no book which offers such a satisfactory substitute for a personal visit as Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book."

A Library of Religious Poetry. A Collection of the Best Poems of all Ages and Tongues, with Biographical Notices. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., and ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A. New and revised edition. Royal 8vo., pp. 1004, with 13 full-page Steel Portraits. New York : Funk & Wagnalls, 10 & 12 Dey Street ; Toronto : William Briggs. Price, cloth, $7.00

"Religious poetry," the editors of this book well remark, "is the holy of holies of literature. In all ages poets have been the interpreters of the finest feelings of humanity, and the greatest have treated the loftiest themes that can employ the mind and heart—the relation of man to his Maker, and the duties and privileges that arise from it." In this noble collection the greatest hymns and sacred poems of all ages are brought together. The names of the distinguished editors will be a guarantee of the good taste and sound judgment with which the selection has been made. It has been their aim to make the collection truly catholic. It embraces a body of representative poems of all ages, denominations and countries. Among other striking features of the work are full page, elegant steel engravings of Southey, Milton, Whittier, Longfellow, Kirk White, Shakespeare, Cowper, Dante, Spencer, Watts, Addison, Tennyson, and Bryant.

Of this book Dr. John Hall, of

New York, says: "Nowhere else can one find in a volume so much varied wealth of devout sentiment and imagery, with enough of the personal in brief biographical notes and good portraits, to aid memory and imagination."

It is a work of sterling value. It is a library in itself, consisting of over 1,000 large octavo pages, neatly printed and substantially bound. There is an index of authors and subjects, and also one of "first lines," making available any poem.

The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat. By their son, JOHN MOFFAT. With portraits and maps, 8vo, pp. 484. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price $3.00.

This is a narrative of remarkable interest. It is seldom that we read the record of fifty-four years of missionary life. It is marvellous to note the result of mission work in South Africa in that period. When Moffat went to Namaqualand a wealthy Boer said, "You might as well preach to baboons or to dogs as to Hottentots." "Yes," replied Moffat, "but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table," and he insisted on preaching to the despised race. Since then thousands of them have adorned with their lives and conversation the doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Methodism may claim the credit of kindling the fire of missionary zeal in the heart of this apostle of Africa, and through him of influencing the character of his illustrious son-in-law, David Livingstone. A striking feature of this book illustrates the spread of British influence and Christian civilization in South Africa. A map of date 1820 shows the very meagre margin of British territory at that day. A map of date 1884 shows its vastly increased extent, and that increase is largely due to the work of Christian missions, especially of Wesleyan missions. There are also rather quaint fashioned pictures of Moffat and his wife at the age of twenty, and excellent photos of the heroic couple in their old age, with faces scarred and furrowed by the toils of over half a century—yet marked with a more glorious comliness than that of youth—the comeliness given by high thought and fellowship with the Divine and heroic sacrifice for the salvation of the sable sons of Africa.

Manual of Hygiene for Schools and Colleges. Prepared by the Provincial Board of Health. Authorized by the Minister of Education for use in Schools. 8vo, pp. 293. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

Few questions are of more vital importance to the community than that of the preservation of health and the avoidance of preventible causes of disease and death. Yet on this important subject there is a great lack of popular information. It is to supply that lack that this book is written. There are, of course, special treatises on various departments of sanitary science, but we know of no single compendious volume which treats the whole subject so fully as does this. While it is thoroughly scientific, it avoids technical phraseology, and is so lucidly written that any intelligent reader can readily understand it. It will be invaluable for teachers, heads of households, and all who have to look after the sanitary welfare of schools or families. It is not a system of dogmatic directions, but the physiological reasons for the counsels given are fully explained. The book is written by medical members of the Provincial Board of Health—men who are experts in the subjects which they treat. Among the subjects discussed are the air, its impurities, heating and ventilation, climatology, disposal of refuse, sewerage, infection and contagion, clothing, bathing, food, digestion, alcohol and tobacco, which are strongly condemned; water, its contaminations, etc.; hygiene of the eye and ear; exercise, physical and mental; accidents, etc. It will be seen that it covers the entire range of sanitary science and hygiene. Improved sanitation, where adopted, has materially added to the length and enjoyment of life. We are con-

fident that the study of the principles of this book would lead to the correction of many unsanitary practices and would greatly improve the health of the community. This work is prepared at the instance of the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, who has thus rendered a signal benefit to the Province. The book is elegantly manufactured in our own Publishing-House, and the engravings, eighty-seven in number, are excellent in style and admirably illustrate the subject. A feature of special importance is its very copious index.

School Architecture and Hygiene, with Plans and Illustrations. By J. GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 135. Printed for the Education Department.

This book, as well as the Manual of Hygiene, is prepared under the direction of the Minister of Education for Ontario. It will be of great service to school trustees and all interested in the efficient carrying out of our admirable public school system. Everything pertaining to school architecture, selection of site, school grounds and out-buildings, water-supply, shade trees, the construction, heating, lighting, ventilation and decoration of school buildings is fully treated. The book is illustrated by seventy-five engravings. The designs for rural and urban schools are very elegant. The taste and experience and skill of Dr. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education, are conspicuous throughout the volume.

Where are We, and Whither are We Tending? Three Lectures on the Reality and Worth of Human Progress. By the REV. M. HARVEY. 8vo., pp. 134. Boston: Doyle & Whittle.

We had the pleasure of reviewing at some length, in this MAGAZINE, Mr. Harvey's previous volume on "Newfoundland—the oldest British Colony." By the present volume he adds to his well-earned literary reputation. It is a thoughtful discussion of some of the most profound problems of human life and destiny. Our author is no pessimist; but he is not so optimistic as we think existing facts warrant. His conclusion is that Human progress is a slow and painful process—but real. He prefers the word Meliorism to express his philosophy. We agree with him that the doctrine of evolution, or creation by law, if proven, does not disturb a jot the truths of revelation,—but with Dr. Deems we join in the verdict that it is as yet "not proven." In a noble chapter our author shows by copious facts and arguments that under the progress of Christian civilization the betterment of the condition of the working classes has been immense. He has a serene faith that the "new learning" that is flooding the world brings no menace to religion, for Christianity is still the greatest factor of human progress.

In the King's Garden, Other Poems. By JAMES BERRY BENSEL. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.

This is a book of genuine poetry—not merely musical in expression but freighted with noble and beautiful thoughts. About some of the poems there is a tender pathos as if the author were prescient of his own early death. The family affections are strongly expressed as in the touching poems on the death of his mother and sister. There are several on Oriental subjects, and the author's sympathy with nature is keen and strong, reminding us sometimes of Longfellow's gentle muse.

Fletcher of Madeley. By the Rev. FREDERIC W. MACDONALD. Pp. 196. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 75 cents.

Many of us remember with pleasure the visit to Canada of the accomplished author of this book and his admirable addresses at the Conferences and elsewhere. This life-sketch of saintly Fletcher is characterized by the same chaste and beautiful style as his public addresses. And in Fletcher he finds a subject worthy of his pen. "One word re-

veals the secret of his power," says our author; "it was holiness." This he exemplified and taught as it probably never was exemplified since the days of the apostles. In the revived interest felt in this cardinal doctrine of Methodism, such a biography as this will be of incalculable service, for this doctrine is far better taught by example than by precept. The holy life of Fletcher, even more than his burning words, will be his perennial testimony to the sanctifying power of the Divine Spirit. Yet this tender and loving soul was a very lion in defence of the truth, and could contend earnestly for the faith, as his undying controversial works still show. No Life of Fletcher would be complete without a sketch of his beautiful and wholly consecrated wife, Mary Bosanquet. Here we have an all too brief account of their married life, one of idyllic purity and loveliness. This book should become a well-thumbed classic in many a Methodist household.

The Life and Times of Levi Scott, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By JAMES MITCHELL, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo. Price $1.

This is a narrative of a useful life. Bishop Scott, after doing the work of an itinerant on circuits for some years, was made one of the agents in the Book Concern at New York, for which position his splendid business talents eminently qualified him. He was next elevated to the Episcopacy, and in the discharge of his onerous duties he sought the welfare of the Church rather than the interests of any section or the wishes of any party. He was a clear exponent of Methodist law. In the pulpit he was impressive and always earnest. During his term of office he visited Africa, when he kept a voluminous journal which is not the least interesting portion of the volume. During the last two years of his life he was incapacitated for labour, but this was the period probably in which he displayed the greatest beauty of holiness. He died in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The volume is embellished with a fine steel portrait.

Sermons. By T. DEWITT TALMAGE. Second series, second edition. Pp. 416. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The sermons of no living preacher, we think, except perhaps Spurgeon's, are read by so many thousands of persons as those of Dr. Talmage. Sermons are often dry reading. Not so his. His rhetoric is on fire with earnestness. He is himself alone. No man can imitate him. While his figures of speech sometimes, by their hyperbole, offend the taste, his sermons touch the heart and rouse the feeling, and lay hold on the conscience; and this, we take it, is the chief end of preaching. If it do not do this, no matter how correct the style, it is cold and powerless, "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." It is a pleasure to read the bold type of this volume. It is a book in which old and young will take delight.

Rose Raymond's Wards. By MARGARET VANDEGRIFT. Pp. 395, illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a domestic story of much interest and considerable literary skill. Rose Raymond is the oldest sister of a little orphaned group of three sisters and a brother. She takes the dead mother's place, and with loving care watches over the welfare of her little wards. We follow with interest their adventures to the happy *denouement* of the story. The poetical contributions are of considerable ability, especially the two touching poems entitled "In an Hospital."

Some Aspects of the Blessed Life. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

In this beautiful book one of the most accomplished writers of modern Methodism traces the development

of the Blessed Life, in a series of chapters full of wise thought and suggestion. To the charm of literary grace is added the higher grace of spiritual insight and sympathy. Several of these chapters have passed the literary ordeal of previous publication in those popular monthlies the *Quiver* and *Sunday Magazine.* This beautiful red-lined, red-edged volume is an appropriate setting of its contents.

Forewarned—Forearmed. By J. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D. Pp. 286. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price $1.25.

This is a volume of admirable counsels to young men. Dr. Davidson is pastor of a church in the greatest city in the world—a city where the temptations to evil, and the opportunities of getting or doing good are more numerous than anywhere else. His faithful warnings and wise advice, if heeded and followed, will save many a young man from making shipwreck of body and soul amid the perils of a great city. It is a most suitable present from a father to his son on leaving home.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *New Princeton Review* for March is of even greater interest than that for January. It opens with an exquisite critical article on the poet Gray, by James Russell Lowell, late American Minister at the Court of Great Britain, himself one of the most charming writers living of prose or verse. Contemporary English Ethics—Just Scales—a striking article on national honesty—Federal aid in Education—the Redemption of Niagara, a striking Norwegian story, and a variety of keen criticisms and reviews complete the number. We are glad to learn that this *Review* is, from the very start, a pronounced success. New York: A. C. Armstrong. Bi-monthly. $3 a-year.

Art and Decoration. An Illustrated Monthly. Each number contains fifty illustrations in brown and black. The leading exponent of the progress of decorative art and devoted to the development of the highest artistic ideas in connection with every branch of industry to which art is ancillary. No architect, decorative artist, art student or art amateur should be without it. For sale by all newsdealers. Publication office: Warren Street, New York. Ed. Hugh Brown, Publisher. $2.50 per annum. The February number is the handsomest that has come under our notice—very elegant.

Smooth Stones from Scripture Streams. By MR. and MRS. GEO. C. NEEDHAM. 12mo, pp. 212. Price $1.00. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. This volume is the result of a combined authorship. Mr. and Mrs. Needham, the distinguished evangelists, have put into it the labour of many years, in the hope that it may be of permanent value in the home and study. It need not be said that their labour has not been in vain; a volume has been produced which will be exceedingly useful to all Bible students.

We have received from the Florida R. R. and Navigation Co., to whom we are indebted for the beautiful cuts in our December number, their new illustrated pamphlet of 160 pages on the picturesque character and agricultural and other resources of that great State. They own one of the greatest lines in the South, controlling about 500 miles in the State and a million acres of its best land. It traverses in its Northern section the oldest and best settled parts of the State. Upon it are situated Tallahasse, the capital, and Jacksonville and Fernandina, its largest towns. Almost every place of importance, Cedar Keys, Leesburg, Tampa, etc., is reached by its Southern extensions, which penetrate the best orange-growing region. Persons purposing to visit the South for business, or for health or pleasure, will do well to send to A. O. MacDonell, the General Passenger Agent of this road, for a copy of this beautiful pamphlet, or for any information they desire about the State and its resources.